TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

AMERICA'S HOME AND FARM NEWSPAPER

FOUNDED IN 1836 — TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1923 — EIGHTY-EIGHTH YEAR — NO. 20

NAT C. WRIGHT, BLADE EDITOR, PASSES AWAY

Editorial Director Ends Distinguished Career in Journalism and Public Affairs in This Country.

Nathaniel C. Wright, for fifteen years editorial director of the Daily Blade, died at his home in Toledo shortly after midnight Sunday. An ardent American, he was one of the country's most forceful and effective editors.

Born in Crawford county, Pa., in 1857, Mr. Wright came west in his youth and was educated in DePauw university, Indiana, and by private tutors in Chicago. He began his career in journalism in 1890, when he obtained a position as a reporter upon the Chicago Daily News. There he at once developed an exceptional and acute ability for his exacting work, and within a time so brief as almost to establish a new record in the press history of the day he was advanced to assistant city editor of the paper, and then to editorial writer. In the latter field he won new attention for the simple and direct force of his style—an attribute that never left him but increased his effectiveness until his editorials were recognized throughout the country.

During the Cuban war he held an important position with the Associated Press, and was especially assigned to the dispatch-boat news service of that great organization. Here he did splendid work, a notable instance of his writing power being still remembered in his description of the destruction of the Spanish fleet off Santiago in the early period of the conflict.

The journalist's service with the Associated Press, which began as correspondent and city editor for Chicago, continued for a period of seven years. Then he resigned to accept the managing editorship of the Indianapolis Morning Sentinel, conducted by the late Samuel E. Morse.

After a brief experience as publisher of another paper in Indianapolis, he went to Cleveland, Ohio, in 1904, as managing editor of the Daily Leader, then owned by Dan R. Hanna, son of the multi-millionaire senator, who was given credit for a large share in the political and officials of the country for many years and indeed, until his death. A little later Mr. Wright was made editor-in-chief of the Leader, and that relation continued until 1913.

In the meantime, with Harry Talmadge, who had been associated with him on the Leader, he obtained control of the Toledo Daily Blade, and developed this into a handsomely profitable concern under their direction. The Newark Star-Eagle was acquired in 1916, the Cleveland paper meantime having been disposed of, and the following year marked the organization by the two men of the group to take over the Detroit Journal and join the three in a single closely knit combination.

Personally, the dead publicist had had a strong hold upon the affections of his associates and employes, while in journalism he displayed a high idealism.

During the World war he gave instructions that no members of the various newspaper organizations under his direction should be encouraged or should attempt to evade public service for a single day, no matter how important his relation to the office.

"At a time like this," he said, "the country's interests come first." And when the war was over, every man who had entered the service was given back his old job or a better one. Neither did he ever lose his personal interest in his former employes and associates, even after years of severed relations.

$1.43 Is Average Chest Fund Gift

Thirty million dollars, an average of $1.43 for each of the 20,000,000 citizens of 129 American cities was given to charity last year through 2,500 welfare and philanthropic organizations which have combined under the "community chest" plan with only one fund raising campaign in each city, it was shown in the report of a nationwide survey.

Community chest campaigns in some of the larger cities realized the following sums: Philadelphia, $2,640,000; Detroit, $2,300,000; Cleveland, $4,250,000; St. Louis, $1,154,000; San Francisco, $2,130,000; Cincinnati, $1,700,000; Minneapolis, $1,000,000; Milwaukee, $480,000.

Dog Movie Actor Is Dead on Coast

The death of "Prince Ski," famous motion picture dog, became known recently.

The snow white Russian wolf hound was owned by W. B. Harkins of Culver City, Calif., and was valued at $5,000. His salary was $30 a day and his speciality was strolling through gardens with richly gowned women. He had appeared in many films depicting fashionable life.

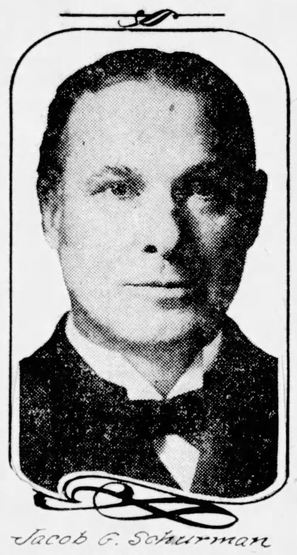
His last public appearance was "in person" at a charity circus for the benefit of the children's hospital.

"Pussyfoot" to Go Touring Tut Land

"Pussyfoot" Johnson plans to carry the gospel of prohibition to the land of King Tut.

Johnson, who lost an eye in England while advocating prohibition, and who has flailed the use of alcohol in many countries, plans to sail for England June 23. From there he will go to South Africa to spend a month helping the South African temperance workers and will work northward through Egypt during the summer.

On the Job



Jacob G. Schurman

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WHEN Americans get in trouble in foreign countries the United States envoys there are called upon for assistance. The American minister to China, Jacob G. Schurman, became active when Chinese bandits help up a train and captured American passengers to hold them for ransom.

RUHR FAMILIES LOSE FURNITURE

French Seizing Household Goods When Ousting German Offenders.

The increasing Franco-Belgian pressure to break German resistance applies not only to the big industrialists caught in the court martial proceedings, but to minor cogs in the Ruhr and Rhine resistance.

The expulsion of railroad men with their families for refusing to work for the Franco-Belgian railway regime, continues in rapidly swelling proportions. Their furniture is now being confiscated and orders are issued to the expelled families in following form:

"The French railways regime orders you to vacate your house at five this afternoon. You must leave in the house all furniture including bed linen, dishes, kitchenware and electrical fixtures, taking only private effects. Keys must be left in the doors. Violations will be sternly punished."

At Bonn where 180 expelled families managed to remove their furniture the French commander announced that the furniture of a corresponding number of private residents would be seized as a penalty. Soldiers in the Rhineland are making inventories of the possessions of unexpelled families to make sure that they carry off nothing when forced to vacate.

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SMART POODLE KNOWS VOICE OF MISTRESS

Judge Settles Women's Spat by Letting Dog Decide Its Owner.

A smart poodle knows its own mistress, is the opinion of Judge Bernard Barasa of Chicago.

He utilized that theory in deciding ownership of a French poodle for which two women were contesting, and took the dog's decision as final.

Mrs. Mary Creighton was charged with having stolen the dog. She said its name was Tootsie.

Mrs. Albert Evers, the complaining witness, said the animal, which she called Dixie, had been her property for more than two years.

Judge Barasa, holding the dog, took a position at one end of the Englewood courtroom. He stationed the two women at the opposite end and unleashed the dog.

Dixie Tootsie raced to Mrs. Evers. "He's yours," said the judge.

Fires Built to Warm Circus Managerie

After failing to unload in La Porte, Ind., because of a threatened storm, Golden Brothers' circus ran into a blizzard in Sturgis, Mich., last week. The temperature was 29 above zero and two inches of snow fell. The menagerie tent was raised and big fires were built to melt the snow from the canvas and protect the animals. Officials spent the day in their private cars. There was no performance or parade. The circus has been on the road a week from Texas where it wintered.

Airplanes to Carry Doctors to Patients

A movement is on foot to supply medical aid to the remote sections of New South Wales in conjunction with the use of radio and airplanes.

Radio would be used to summon help, and airplanes would carry the doctor to the patient, wherever the latter might be, from any one of 10 strategically located medical bases.

Prague Made Center for Airplane Trips

A commercial aerial transportation company is making regular airplane flights at the rate of eight a week between Prague and Paris, Warsaw and Constantinople and return. Mails, merchandise and passengers are moved.

RICH WOMAN CAPTIVE OF CHINESE OUTLAWS SLEPT IN DOG HOUSE

How the sister-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Miss Lucy Aldrich, one of the victims of the Suchow train bandit raid, was forced to sleep in a dog kennel outside a Chinese village, ravenous for food, clad only in a night gown and dressing gown, and without a single person to befriend her, was told last week by Dr. Jacob G. Schurman, American minister to China.

Dr. Schurman met Miss Aldrich in Tsinanfu after her release by the bandits and, in her own words, told the graphic story of her harrowing experience after the capture.

"I was marched off the train and herded outside with the other passengers. We all were cold in our nightdresses and gowns," she said. "The succeeding hours were a nightmare. There were about 20 bandits in our convoy, all carrying bundles of loot.

"I tried to forget my own suffering in the chilly air and with my feet bruised by the rough trail through my thin slippers, for others were more scantily clad than I and many of them were barefoot.

"We toiled on through the night, sometimes along narrow footpaths, and sometimes over rough fields.

"Dawn showed the outlines of the mountains ahead and my heart sank as I contemplated the distance we had to go, strung out along the way in single file.

Separated From Men.

"In the gathering daylight I noticed that several men who had started in our party from the train among the prisoners no longer were with us and I asked our guards where they had gone. I was told that they had been sent in another direction.

"Under the pitiless beating, prodding and sometimes stabbing by the guards to make the Chinese prisoners keep up the fast pace set by the brigands, several of these began to cry piteously.

"Just when I felt that I must drop from exhaustion, one of the Chinese prisoners near me sank to the ground unable to rise again. A bandit poured out a torrent of oaths and abuse, dropped his bundles of loot and fired his rifle point blank into the man on the ground.

"This act terrified the remainder of the prisoners and we began to realize our desperate plight.

"We trudged stolidly on, nobody speaking and finally we reached the wooded foothills. We climbed upward and when we reached the top I sank down in my tracks.

Loot Sorted Out.

"Then the bandits began sorting out their plunder. It was a miscellaneous array: Jewels, clothing, bedding, money, doorhandles, brass fixtures taken from the train, one mattress and some pillows.

"It was only then I discovered that throughout the terrible march from the scene of the holdup I had been carrying some of my rings clenched in my hand.

"Some of the articles they had stolen puzzled the brigands. They passed a hot water bag from hand to hand in a vain effort to fix its use. A tube of tooth paste, not only baffled them, but frightened them as well but when I undertook to demonstrate its use they laughed aloud.

"One of the marauders tried on Miss MacFadden's hat and I was watching him when another walked toward me and poked his carbine into my face. Despairingly I mustered a smile, trying to convince him that I was not afraid to die. This caused him to laugh and he even paid me the compliment of patting my shoulder.

"A group of the gang's leaders held parley. Then one of them turned to me, pointed back into the distance the way we had come and all marched off leaving me alone.

Feared Bandits' Return.

"I waited for some time, fearing they would return and then set out on the back trail.

"My feet were so sore that I could hardly walk and my wrists were black and blue from being dragged along by my captors.

"I trudged along throughout the day seeing only an occasional inhabitant of the country and all these invariably fled at my approach. Then it began to rain, but just as darkness fell I discovered a village ahead. I managed to drag myself painfully toward it only to discover that it was a walled community and that the gates evidently had been closed for the night.

"I feared I would not be able to survive the hunger, pain and exposure until another dawn and I beat upon the gates with stones to attract the attention of the villagers. But it was useless.

"Bitterly disappointed, I staggered along the outside of the wall until I encountered what appeared to be a dog kennel. Fearfully I crept into it and there I spent the night.

"Dawn brought curious country men, timidly at first, to look at me. Some of them ran away again but I permitted others to search me—they evidently wished to make sure I was unarmed—and when they thus were assured they escorted me into the village, the populace turning out to look me over as I passed along."

STORK BRINGS ARMY ALONG WITH BABY

Luxemberg Organizes Troops After Borrowing Guns to Salute Duchess

The "Journal d'Esch" announces that the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg is about to recognize its army. It is no longer to be regarded as a joke and treated as a pretext for arraying a baker's dozen of good looking men in picturesque uniforms so that they make a bit of a show when the army is mustered for ceremonial occasions.

But it will cause no trembling among foreign potentates. The whole army will consist of only about 500 men, but they will be real soldiers and equipped as such. When the baby Grand Duchess was born recently, the necessary salute to herald the new arrival was fired with guns that had to be borrowed from France. The new army will at least save the duchy from a repetition of that humiliation. Every soldier will be given a gun and will be taught how to handle it.

By the new organization, the soldiers will serve four years. A reserve of 1,400 will be formed.

Denied a Bathtub, Minister Resigns

Dispute over plans for installing a bathtub in the Presbyterian parsonage in New Athens, O., is blamed for the resignation of the Rev. George P. Stewart, pastor.

It is said the bathroom in the parsonage has never been equipped for duty. Arrangements were made to install the equipment, but, it developed, some of the members of the church thought this was useless in view of the fact that New Athens has no sewage system. Accordingly the improvement was postponed. This is said to have aroused the ire of the pastor, and his resignation was forthcoming.

Kaiser's Bust Willed to Corcoran Gallery

Unless the regents quickly decide otherwise, the Corcoran art gallery in Washington will become the possessor of a bronze bust of the kaiser.

Franz Ulrich von Puttkamer, who died recently in Connecticut, left the bust to the gallery in a will dated 1892.

SWISS SLAYS RED DELEGATE AT LAUSANNE

Two Aides Are Wounded as Assassin Opens Fire on Soviet Officials in Hotel Dining Room.

The murder of M. Vorovsky, head of the Russian soviet delegation to the Near East conference, by Maurice Alexander Conradi, a Swiss who once served in the Russian army, has stirred Switzerland as has no single event since the assassination of Empress Elizabeth of Austria at Geneva in 1898.

Conradi, who was seized by the police in hotel Cecil after he had killed Vorovsky and wounded two attaches of the Russian delegation, continues to maintain that he acted alone in an effort to avenge his father and uncle for the mistreatment they received at the hands of the Bolsheviki during the "red terror."

The general impression in Near East conference circles is that the excitement will not directly affect the course of the negotiations because Vorovsky was not regarded as an official Russian delegate, inasmuch as the soviet government was not invited to participate in the proceedings.

Threatened by Fascisti.

Switzerland, however, keenly feels the position in which Conradi's act places her, and fears that world opinion may hold local patriotic associations morally or materially responsible, inasmuch as the Swiss Fascisti recently ordered Vorovsky to leave the country or take the consequences. The implication in the latter alternative, spokesmen of the Fascisti assert, meant nothing more serious than that Vorovsky would be dosed with castor oil or run out of the country as a penalty for his attacks on the Swiss government for its refusal to grant a visa to a soviet courier to Lausanne.

Up to the present, police inquiries have failed to connect Conradi with the Fascisti and Lausanne. The Zurich police have been asked to investigate reports that he was a member of the organization's branch in that city.

Russians in Lausanne, however, were quick to place responsibility for the crime on local agitation against Vorovsky.

Shooting in Hotel.

Vorovsky, with Herman Ahrens, the Russian press agent at the first Lausanne conference, and J. Didwilkowski, Vorovsky's secretary, were at table in the hotel dining room when the tragedy occurred. Conradi, who was sitting not far from the Russian party, leisurely finished his own meal, arose from his chair and, walking toward the three men, opened fire with a revolver. Vorovsky received the first bullet in his neck and collapsed across the table, dying almost instantly. Ahrens, drawing the weapon he always carried, was restrained from firing by a waiter, just as Didwilkowski was shot twice in the abdomen. Almost immediately Conradi fired two bullets into Ahrens' thigh and one into his shoulder. He then sought out the proprietor of the hotel, to whom he turned over his revolver with the announcement that he would await the police.

PARTLESS AUTO

Is Gladly Parted With

No mud guards.
No running boards.
No glass in the windows.
No headlights.
What is it?

"An auto coupe," say the city tax assessors.

"Junk," says Alexander A. Clark.

The "auto" was assessed at $700 by Newark, N. J., tax assessors. Mr. Clark asked the county board to make it $100, the price his wife paid for it after it had been rescued from a collision with a truck.

"If I had seen it before my wife bought it I would have declined to pay $25 for it," Mr. Clark said.

Here is a list of parts he had to buy before it would run:

Four new mud guards.
Two new running boards.
One flywheel.
Two plate glass windows.
One set of wiring.
Two new headlights.
One set of water pump parts.
One distributor head.
New wrist pins.
Piston rings.
Radiator repaired.
New clutch parts.
New transmission parts.
New mud guard brackets.
Two seats upholstered.
And—
Other minor parts.

After it was fixed up he had three rides in it and sold it for $350.

The county tax board is "considering" a reduction.

Heads Fight on Drugs

Stephen Porter

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

REPRESENTATIVE STEPHEN PORTER commands the forces which are fighting the nation's drug evil. He was selected by President Harding to head an official mission which will try to suppress the narcotic traffic in this country. He has gone to Switzerland where a conference will be held with the other members of the commission, Bishop Brent and Admiral Blue, surgeon general of the navy.

KRUPP GETS 15 YEARS IN JAIL

Two Directors Are Given Similar Sentences; Third to Serve 10 Years.

Dr. Krupp von Bohlen, head of the Krupp works, and his three directors, Bruhn, Oesterlen and Hartwig, heard their sentences in the Werden jail last week. The penalties totaled imprisonment aggregating 55 years, the French court martial having convicted them of responsibility for the conflicts between the Krupp workmen and a French squad of soldiers on March 31 which resulted in the death of 14 workers.

Fines to the amount of 850,000,000 marks were also imposed on the accused, who included others than the directors.

There was a large crowd present in the courtroom when Col. Peyronnel read the sentences, but there was no demonstration, the spectators apparently being unaware of what was going on, only a few of them understanding French.

The clerk of the court journeyed to the jail to notify Krupp von Bohlen and his colleagues of their fate. The court martial deliberated two hours before reaching its decision.

The head of the Krupp works and Directors Hartwig and Oesterlen were each sentenced to 15 years, and Director Bruhn to 10 years. Sentences of 20 years each by default were imposed on Bauer, Schaeffer and Kuntz, who were also defendants, but who fled from the occupied area. The court was lenient with Gross and Muller, both of them workmen, while motorcycle thieves also drew short penalties, without fines.

The prisoners will be kept in the Werden jail until their appeal is heard in Paris; then if it is rejected they will be taken to Strasbourg or Metz to serve their terms.

Huge Eagle Is Shot on Farm in Indiana

A golden eagle, seven feet four inches across the outstretched wings and 33 inches from beak to tail, was shot by Donald Crawford on the Frank McBroom farm near Lebanon, Ind.

URGES COHESION IN G. O. P. RANKS

Postmaster General New Says Both Big Parties Are Now Divided.

Admitting a division in the ranks of the Republican party, but at the same time declaring "the estate of our Democratic adversaries is no better," Postmaster General Harry S. New, in an address in Mansfield, O., asserted that both parties are suffering from "lack of cohesions."

He pleaded with his auditors for party solidarity against "blocs, individuals with pet theories and fragmentary factions." Accomplishments of the Harding administration, he declared, may bring about the unexpected in the "form of an early reduction in federal taxation."

As the principal speaker at the centennial celebration of the birth of John Sherman, Mansfield's most famous citizen, Mr. New urged "more faith and less criticism—faith in this country of ours and faith in the party to which we belong."

While the postmaster general did not cite causes for the division within his party, he set forth the League of Nations and wet and dry legislation as points over which various leaders in the Democratic party are at odds. He did remark, however, that "their differences and divisions are no less sharply defined than those with which we are afflicted."

The outstanding achievements of the Harding administration were listed by the speaker as: Helping to bring back prosperity in business with a consequent reduction in unemployment, bringing "prosperity back to the railroads," doing away with the "shadows of war on the Pacific," establishment of amity between the United States and Europe, reduction of the public debt, and interest and principal payments on war loans to other countries.

Urges Art Centers in Country Schools

Use of country schoolhouses, deserted in the Summer, as community art centers is urged by David Mannes, a musicion of New York, who suggests the organization of art clubs with headquarters in the empty schoolhouses to promote more widespread knowledge and enjoyment of art. Such centers, he says, would provide not only for the study of music, sculpture, painting, etc., but also give opportunities for wider companionship.

"Students and teachers in the cities would be glad to direct such clubs for a nominal sum in vacation time," Mr. Mannes says. "Benefit would result to the children of farmers and country folk, and to the parents themselves, whose hunger for art goes unsatisfied. The development of the artistic impulse latent in everyone and too often stifled in those who are far away from the cities, is of great importance to America's intellectual advancement and spiritual growth."

Japanese Servant Girls Given Raise

The wages of servant girls in Osaka, Japan, have gone up 1,800 per cent in 30 years. The pay of men servants, printers, carpenters and coolies has gone up in the same period between 820 and 1,300 per cent.

In 1891 servant girls got an average of 83 sen, about 42 cents, a month. Today they are paid $7.50.

Portrait of Harding Finished by Christy

A new portrait of President Harding just ocmpleted by Howard Chandler Christy was placed on exhibition recently in Corcoran art gallery. The portrait will be placed on the reconditioned steamship Leviathan

ENGLAND WON'T CONSIDER OFFER OF REPARATIONS

Lord Curzon's Note to Germany Declares Berlin's Plan to Pay Is Very Big Disappointment.

The text of the British government's note to Germany in reply to Germany's recent reparations offer was made public Sunday.

It is signed by Lord Curzon, secretary for foreign affairs, and says:

"His majesty's government has given careful attention to the memoranda of your excellency, communicated to me May 2, in which the German government put forward proposals for a settlement of reparations.

"I cannot conceal from your excellency that the proposals of your government come as a great disappointment, and the impression they made on his majesty's government as well as on its allies, is one which in my opinion the German government might and ought to have foreseen and therefore guarded against.

"The proposals are far from corresponding, either in form or in substance eto what his majesty's government might reasonably have expected would be made in answer to the advice I, on more than one occasion, ventured to convey to the German government through your excellency, and to the more direct indication to them in the speech referred to.

Cites German Delinquencies.

"First—The German government offers in total payment of their acknowledged debt a sum which, falling far below the moderate amount forming the basis of the British scheme submitted to the Paris conference in January last, must have been known in advance to be altogether unacceptable to the allied governments.

"Furthermore, payment of even this inadequate sum is made dependent on a series of international loans the success of which in the conditions predicated must be largely speculative.

"So much so that the scheme proposed by the German government actually contains provisions dealing with the contingency of the loans not materializing. Moreover the arrangements proposed under this head involve financial conditions less burdensome to Germany than if the loans were to be successful, so no real incentive thereby is held out for her to attempt to raise them.

"Second, the failure of the German reply to indicate with greater precision the nature of the guarantees they are disposed to offer is more particularly to be regretted.

"The allied governments, instead of receiving concrete and substantial proposals in this respect, are confronted with vague assurances and references to future negotiations which in a business transaction of this kind are lacking in practical value.

Responsibility Recognized.

"The disappointment is enhanced by the belief, which his majesty's government would like to entertain, that indications are to be found in the German memorandum that the German government recognizes the responsibility resting on them to make an earnest effort to discharge their obligations under the Versailles treaty in a manner which the allies could regard as both equitable and sincere.

"If Germany did intend to open the way to an effectual and speedy solution of the problem, the failure to settle which is gravely disturbing the political and economic condition of Europe, and, indeed, the whole world, then it seems unfortunate that she should not have shown keener appreciation of the lines on which alone can any such settlement be sought.

"His majesty's government is persuaded that in her own interest Germany will see the advantage of displaying a greater readiness to grapple with the realities of the case, and, discarding all irrelevant or controversial issues, will proceed to reconsider or expand their proposals in such a way as to convert them into a feasible basis for further discussion.

"In such a discussion his majesty's government will at a suitable moment be ready to take part by the side of its allies, with whom it shares a practical interest in this question, which it has no intention to abandon as well as a desire to terminate a situation of international peril."

"But they cannot conceal from the German government that the first step forward to a realization of any such hope must be recognition by Germany that a contribution much more serious and much more precise is required than any which yet has been forthcoming."

Paid $500 Weekly; Had Few Duties

John Burke, three times governor of North Dakota and former treasurer of the United States, received $500 a week for his connection with the firm of Kardos and Burke, but he had little to do with its affairs, he testified in the firm's bankruptcy

He said that he had believed that the firm was an accredited and solvent one when he agreed to become a partner in the business with Louis Montgomery Kardos Jr., but contributed no money or property to the business.

Norwalk Boy Sends Message 9,000 Miles

Homer Forschner, 16, is one of the best long range radio senders in the country. He was surprised when he read in a magazine that a message he had sent from Norwalk, O., some time ago had been picked up by an operator about 9,000 miles away in New Zealand. Forschner has sent messages to 45 states in the Union, to Hawaii and the Canal Zone.

WORLD-HISTORY IN THE MAKING

THERE IS NOTHING better to offer our readers this week than a story of American prosperity. The thrill of brighter days is being felt throughout the country. Perhaps it has not reached everybody yet. Our farmer readers may not have felt it to the extent the urban dwellers and the urban workers have, but it is coming to all who work with their hands. The tide is rising.

Persons who employ their energies in making special investigations of conditions throughout the country announce that business is booming from coast to coast. Factories are running full blast, and there is a shortage of labor. Unemployment has disappeared. Agriculture, necessarily always slow to feel the rising tide, is also reported to be picking up fast.

We can recall in 1920, in our own town of Toledo—and the situation was typical of other cities—one of the most pathetic sights of our life. Men were idle everywhere. Town authorities were voting money to tide the unemployment over the stressful period. Charitable organizations sought to find something for idle men to do, that they might still retain the dignity of self-supporting citizens.

Mechanics as Common Laborers.

We have seen large bodies of workmen, equipped with scythes, marching like a lot of straggling, beaten soldiers into the suburbs, to cut weeds. Among them were mechanics of all kinds, trying in their poor way to swing scythes, that they might earn a small order of groceries.

It was charity, pure and simple. One man, familiar with the kind of work they were trying to do, could have done as much as any three of them. There was no joy in the job, no pride of accomplishment. We talked with the foreman of these men. He was not a hard boss. His soul was heavy with sympathy for them.

This man's mind was full of the gloom of the times. He was pessimistic. He could see no hope of the future. His head was bowed with the misery he met in other men's eyes. He could not visualize a brighter day, yet it has come.

In this town now, as in thousands of others, there is no unemployment. Men who are willing to work can find plenty to do.

Brighter Days Have Dawned.

America has "come back."

Compared with 5,000,000 out of work in 1922, Secretary of Commerce Hoover reports that 500,000 jobs now are going begging. In the minds of men at the head of industries and in the minds of those in authority there is the question whether present conditions are the result of only a flurry of prosperity or the advent of the permanent "normalcy" which President Harding fixed as the fundamental aim of his administration.

Washington is cautioning the country to beware of giving way to a delirium of prosperity or running wildly into speculation and inflation. As one writer puts it, those at the head of the government "want to obviate any necessity of subsequent enforced deflation, such as the Wilson administration was compelled to undertake and which it carried out by methods which farmers widely held responsible for their financial troubles in 1921 and 1922."

Agricultural Conditions Improving.

A newspaper correspondent, delving into government reports, finds material for a long story of growing prosperity. In the steel industry, mining, textile trade, flour production and the lumber business great activity is found.

Then there is this: "When you turn to agriculture you find a less striking though a material improvement. Prices of principal agricultural products continued their upward movement in March, increasing slightly more than three per cent, but were approximately more than twenty per cent higher than in the same month one year ago."

Figures are ordinarily dull, but when they tell a tale that touches encouragingly the life of every American they become intensely interesting.

Secretary Wallace of the Department of Agriculture says:

"If agriculture has not recovered from its malady of two years ago, it is at least making a good convalescence.

"Recovery of urban industry has been hastened by an accumulated demand for houses, railway materials, and other basic equipment. Consumptive demand for farm products, on the other hand, is not cumulative from year to year, except in case of wool and cotton.

Optimism Inspired.

"During the war period farmers developed every device to increase efficiency. They emerged with increased productive capacity, only to face a world bent on cutting its food expenditures to the limit.

"The domestic outlook this Spring has inspired rather more optimism than in three years. Farmers count on present urban prosperity to furnish them a better domestic market this Fall.

"The foreign market, however, is somewhat more problematical. We have shipped a heavy quantity of farm products abroad, but so far at sharp concessions in price."

With these reports as a basis of forming judgment, there seems to be prospects of continuing prosperity. We can rely upon the steadying hand of the administration at Washington. The President is at all times working for all the people, not for any particular class.

VESSEL IS MADE WONDER CRAFT

Leviathan Will Rank in History With Foremost U. S. Ships.

The Leviathan, with the Niagara, Commodore Perry's flagship of 1812, and the Oregon, a unit of the fleet which wiped out Spanish naval power in the Western world in '98, is destined to become one of the famous vessels in American history.

Like those sea guardians of the past, the giant ocean greyhound has been thrown into a struggle to keep the Stars and Stripes afloat in the Seven Seas.

Taken from the German imperial fleet in the World war, the Leviathan—she was the Vaterland then—plowed through the Atlantic, with thousands of American soldiers on board, back and forth—Hoboken to Brest—pausing only to provision and to load and unload her cargo of fighting men.

Braved Peril Alone.

The monster rode the waves alone, scorning convoy. She braved the mine fields. Her gunners battled with submarines, trusting to accuracy of fire and the great speed of the liner to bring her precious load of doughboys safely to land.

And now, at Norfolk, Va., the great vessel is being made into the wondership of all time. More than $8,000,000 has been expended by the government to make the Leviathan the finest shop afloat.

A highly interesting train of thought is aroused by the action of the government in placing the Leviathan at the head of the American passenger and merchant fleet, it is said by Commander Lynn R. Rutter, U. S. N., a well known naval authority.

Recalls History.

"During the World war, when the Leviathan was performing such signal and wonderful service as a troop transport and ferry, it was my privilege to stand on the quarterdeck of the reconstructed Niagara, the famous flagship of the renowned Commodore Perry, who won the battle of Lake Erie in the War of 1812, after having been driven out of the Lawrence, his first flagship, by British fire," Commodore Rutter said.

"That fight was one of the most decisive and significant fleet actions ever fought, not only by the United States navy, but among all nations, and the result of the action to the United States was not only the saving of the republic of the enormous Great Lakes area, but the Mississippi valley and Western states as well. That battle would have given us Canada, in all probability, had our statesmen of the time been as alert as our seamen.

Ship Is Trade Fighter.

"But to return to the Leviathan—her mission, although peaceful and commercial, is nevertheless that of a trade fighter in restoring the American flag to its prestige on the Seven Seas, competing with the pick of foreign ships and the cream of foreign personnel.

"She may be a 'wonder ship,' as well as a historical one, in which the American traveling public can take pride."

MINE COAL, ORE BENEATH OCEAN

British Corporation Head Says Works Will Extend Far From Coast.

Engineers in time will be able to take coal and iron ore from under the sea five miles or more from shore, says F. W. Gray, an executive of the British Empire Steel corporation. Workings already extend two and a quarter miles to sea at Sydney mines and 70 per cent of the coal produced in Nova Scotia comes from beneath the ocean.

The cost of bringing deposits to the surface rather than failure of the seams, will place a limit on submarine mining operations, Gray thinks.

Although coal is being taken from under the sea at several points in Great Britain, Australia, Japan and China, the Nova Scotia areas and the iron mines at Wabana, Newfoundland, are the scenes of the largest undersea mining workings in the world. Gray says they are capable of indefinite expansion, some of the Wabana seams being 35 feet thick.

Inundation is the greatest danger added to the usual hazards of land operations. Engineering skill, however, has reduced the number of these accidents, the chief of which occurred at the Takashima colliery in Japan, where many lives were lost, and on the Cumberland coast in England in 1834, where 36 men were drowned.

R. L. Goode

How's Your Stomach?

Vim, Vigor and Health Follow This Advice

Dayton, Ohio—"I have been greatly benefited by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. My general health was poor and I suffered with my stomach too. The doctors here charged me a high fee and did but little good. I began a few months ago with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and have been improving right along ever since."—R. L. Goode, 405 Howard St.

Health is your most valuable asset. It does not pay to neglect it. Go at once to your neighborhood drug store and get the "Golden Medical Discovery" in tablets or liquid. Write Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

—Advertisement.

Dutch Family Stirs London

Hofman family

Members of the Hofman family of Holland on a walk that will eventually take them all around the world, caused quite a stir in London when they appeared on the streets there in their quaint native dress.

Two Nations Honor Anniversary of Famous Song, "Home, Sweet Home"

The 100th anniversary of the first singing of "Home, Sweet Home," in Covent Garden, was celebrated May 7 on both sides of the Atlantic.

England held appropriate exercises, while the chief ceremonies in the United States were staged at Easthampton, L. I., and in New York.

The words of the celebrated song—incorporated in the opera "Clari, or the Sweet Maid of Milan"—were written by an American, John Howard Payne, who was born in New York City and spent his boyhood in Easthampton, where stands the old homestead which inspired the song. The music was composed by Sir Henry Bishop.

Sung in Schools.

Suitable exercises were held at the homestead, while in New York schools 900,000 children chanted the air, which later was sung in front of city hall by a selected chorus.

"Home, Sweet Home," which was placed in the second act of the opera, was popular from the start. It spread rapidly throughout the English speaking world, bringing tears to the eyes of countless thousands.

Payne used to tell his friends that he caught the air from a little girl during a trip through Italy.

The words of the song, Payne said, came to him while he was a student at Union college in Schenectady, N. Y., when he recalled his boyhood days on the Long Island farm.

Written in Paris.

Contrary to the general belief, Payne was not a penniless wanderer when he wrote the words of the song. He was in Paris at the time, living in comfort with Washington Irving.

Born in a little red brick house in lower Manhattan, on June 9, 1791, Payne was the sixth child of William Payne, later principal of a school at Easthampton, and a Jewish mother. He spent the greater part of his early childhood in Easthampton in the old homestead, which is still standing and open to visitors.

Payne's family moved to Boston, where he showed the greatest interest in the theater and expressed the desire to be an actor. But he was placed in a New York counting house to be a business man at the age of 13.

He secretly published "The Thespian Mirror," which attracted the attention of the editor of the New York Evening Post. Through his friends' efforts Payne was sent to Union college.

The death of his mother and the failure in business of his father led the family to consent to his becoming an actor, and he went to London in 1813 at the age of 22.

He was successful on the English stage, but although he had won the approbation and friendship of men like Coleridge, Southey and Thomas Moore, he was not satisfied. He left the stage and began to write. It was at that period that he wrote the opera "Clari."

In 1845 he was appointed United States consul at Tunis, and with one interruption, when there was a change of administration, remained there until his death of fever, April 9, 1853. In 1883 his remains were brought to this country and reinterred in the old Oak Hill cemetery in Georgetown, D. C.

Sightless Persons Inveterate Readers

People who have lost their sight read more as a class than their sighted neighbors, records of the book exchange department of the state library show.

Despite the fact that many of the blind have never learned to read by the raised-letter system and hence do not read at all, the state library collection of 14,937 books for the blind is said to be insufficient. The 1,200 blind persons in California keep the collection constantly in circulation.

Many of the blind patrons of the library take out an average of five books per week, the state librarian said.

High Prices Delay Big Construction

Building operation totaling $100,000,000 are being held up in New York because of high and uncertain prices, Christian G. Norman, chairman of the executive committee of the Building Trades Employers' association, says.

The Statler hotel interests announced they are holding up construction of hotels in Detroit and Boston to cost $12,000,000.

EPISCOPALIANS BACK DRY LAW

N. Y. Diocese Convention Opposes Repeal of State Enforcement Act.

A spirited debate over prohibition and its enforcement marked the close of the annual convention of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York which finally adopted a resolution requesting Governor Smith not to sign the bill which would repeal the prohibition enforcement act.

As originally submitted by the committee on miscellaneous business, the resolution opposed signing of the repeal "in the interest of law and order." This phrase was stricken out after one speaker had asserted that he would not vote for a resolution which would brand every member of the legislature who had voted for the repeal as not being a supporter of law and order.

Hypocrisy Promoted.

One clergyman asserted that he favored repeal of the state dry law, because under present conditions persons were compelled to be hypocrites as far as enforcement was concerned.

"I go among my friends," he said, "many of whom are at this very convention, and find wine on their tables. I like a glass of wine myself. Many persons, including good Episcopalians, are busy making their own wine."

After one speaker had deplored the fact that the question of prohibition had come before the convention at all and another had termed prohibition a dismal failure, Bishop Manning asked permission to speak.

For Upholding Law.

"I would not feel quite content if I should sit in silence without expressing my views," he said. "I stand where I did last year before this convention. I said then and I say now that I have never been a prohibitionist but have always stood for upholding the law. It would be most sad and serious if this great state of New York should stand before the people of the land as inclined to oppose the federal law. It would be sadder still if this convention, representing the greatest diocese of the country, should take that position. I hope that the governor, for the credit of the state, will see fit to veto this law."

The resolution then was amended and adopted.

AGED PENSIONER SLAVE 40 YEARS

Colored Man, Aged 102, Is Retired by U. S. After Quarter Century.

The oldest employe on the retirement rolls of the government is Mark Thrash, Negro, Rossville, Ga., who, the bureau of pensions says, is 102 and has been in the federal employ 28 years. He was retired last year as a laborer in the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military park, at Chattanooga. He says Dec. 15, 1820, is his birthday.

Mark was born in Louisa county, Virginia, and for more than forty years was a slave, the property of Dr. Christopher Thrash. Back in the "forties," Mark was sent with a gang to clear land on a plantation bought by his master in Meriwether county, Ga., and there had many encounters with the Indians. After the Civil war Thrash went to Arkansas, but returned to Chattanooga about the time the Central of Georgia railroad was under construction and got a job.

Later he became a watchman in the old "Park Hotel" in Chickamauga, afterward joining the government service as a laborer in the park.

BUTTERMILK BANNED, COWS CONDEMNED BY PENNSY DRY MEASURE

Because buttermilk has an alcoholic content the committee on agriculture of the Pennsylvania legislature has before it a resolution which directs shooting cows which produce, if indirectly, the drink, and authorizes the superintendent of state police to search wagons for the "death dealing fluid."

Introduction of the resolution was the result of debate on a bill of Representative Woner, who drew up the first state enforcement act, to eliminate screens from pool rooms and sofe drink places. On that occasion Woner, who is known as the "driest of the dry," admitted that formerly he had at times yielded to buttermilk, but not since the passage of the Pinchot-backed prohibition bill, which wiped out the licensed saloon.

Ordinarily members of the legislature pay little attention to the initial reading of a resolution. When Representative Stofflet offered his resolution to prohibit buttermilk, however, and the reading clerk hurried through the provisions of the measure members at first became attentive, and then laughed until tears ran down their cheeks.

The resolution read:

Whereas, It has been testified on the floor of the house that alcohol is often present in quantity in that harmless product known as buttermilk; and

Whereas, This evidence comes as a surprise to the portion of the house which believes in temperance and sobriety; and

Whereas, It is important that temptation be removed as far as possible from the youth of this sovereign commonwealth of Pennsylvania—those smiling-faced youths who year by year are approaching the goal of manhood; and

Whereas, No restrictions can be deemed harsh which will safeguard the paths of our citizenry; therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of the house of representatives of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania that the public sale of buttermilk be prohibited; that the superintendent of state police be directed to search all milk wagons for the nefarious, death-dealing fluid; that the cows which give buttermilk be shot; that the dairy business be declared a menace to the well-being of Pennsylvania; that all acts or parts of acts in conflict be and are hereby repealed.

Speaker Goodnought promptly referred the resolution to the committee on agriculture.

Yankee Captive Braves Leaden Hail to Escape From Chinese Brigands

F. P. Day, who escaped from the Chinese bandits, told of his experiences from the time he was aroused from his berth on the Peking Express.

"I was awakened," he said, "by the rattle of firing and the jerk of the train's derailment. I saw by moonlight Chinese lying in the fields firing at the train. Realizing we were attacked by bandits, I collected a watch, tie pin and money, as I thought it safer to have something to give the bandits.

"They broke in the window and lifted out a handbag containing my passport and personal belongings, and then fired across me as I lay in the berth, apparently to scare me. Next they entered and slapped my face, while half a dozen guns were pointed from as many bandits. They ordered me to leave, prodding my back with pistols and forcing me to climb through a shattered window glass.

"They led us across the country for about six hours. The bandits separated the foreigners and insisted on the fastest walking, probably to tire the prisoners, so they would be less apt to escape. My guard walked on a path, but made me go through a ploughed field.

Detained in Enclosure.

"Finally we reached a hill 1,300 feet high where we were detained in a walled enclosure containing three houses.

"I did not know the other prisoners in my party, but saw a woman led up higher on the mountain. I tried to discover who she was, but was cracked on the nose by a bandit for my curiosity.

"We were without food or water until after noon. Meanwhile Chinese soldiers already were firing on the roober outposts. The robbers then directed me to write the soldiers a note telling them not to come closer or the prisoners would be killed instantly. With a pistol at my stomach, I wrote this note, which was taken out by a bandit, who removed his cartridge belt and emerged as an ordinary villager.

"The soldiers, however, did not stop firing and the bandits asked me to write a second note and take it out myself, under the guard of a bandit carrying a flag of truce. This was attempted, but my bandit escort, scared of the firing, went back to the compound and I went with him. The bandits in the compound, armed with rifles, replied to the fire of the soldiers.

Chance for Getaway.

"The bandit chief insisted that a third note be written. This one he gave to two of the Chinese captives, and they demanded that a foreigner accompany them, as the task was dangerous. I volunteered to go out again, knowing that I could make my getaway.

"We started and had gone 200 yards when we were fired on by bandits from another place on the hillside, who thought we were prisoners escaping. I hugged every piece of cover I could find.

"The soldiers did not try to fire until we were uphill 200 or 300 yards from them and then one fired. I yelled 'American.' But they could not make me out, as I was in the dirtiest condition, and so I turned to my Chinese companions, and they held up their coats as a token of surrender.

"The soldiers then ordered us to the top of the hill, and afterward escorted us to their commander. We met Miss Schonberg.

"I could not tell how many prisoners the bandits had. There were only two men in my compound. One was crying, the other speechless. It was some affair—quite enough to make them go to pieces."

Praises Commander.

Day was warm in his praise of the Chinese commander, who gave them food and raiment and sent them under escort along a spur of the railroad line, whence they proceeded to Tinchen.

The bandits he reported, were armed with Mauser automatics.

He took careful note of the bandit chief, looking for distinguishing marks, and got slapped for his pains, but believes he could easily identify the chief.

Many of the bandits were young, some no more than 16 or 17. They carried a flag with a white circle cut by nine red lines.

An outstanding instance of heroism is credited to an American girl, Miss Schonberg, who, in the face of bullets from the soldiers besieging the bandit compound, volunteered to make her way through the lines to carry the kidnapers' demand for ransom.

Led to the gate of the stockade by one of the robbers, she was about to pass through when a bullet from the troops' lines dropped the man at her elbow in his tracks. Undaunted, the American girl finally reached Tientsin.

Saved by Underwear.

Her story was told in Tientsin by C. G. Jacobsen, inspecting engineer for the British-American tobacco company, who also ran the bullet gantlet from the bandit fort on a similar mission. Jacobsen had to overpower a bandit guard to get clear of the fort, and when he again came under range of the besieging soldiers' rifles he approached their lines waving as a flag of truce his last remaining article of apparel, a suit of cotton underwear.

HONOLULU MAILS SAVOR OF ORIENT

Dead Snakes, Old Eggs, Idols Some of Things Cleared by Island.

That the spirit and smells of the Far East hover over the Honolulu postoffice as one of the prime evidences of the city's cosmopolitan position at "the cross-roads of the Pacific," is revealed any day on which a vessel arrives from the Orient.

Dead snakes, mah-jongg sets, Filipino smoking tobacco strong enough to knock a man down, strange musical instruments, pork, betel nuts, dried fish, herbs for medicine, mandarin coats, silks, fans, ancient eggs, porcelains, kimonos, idols and material for soups—that is a typical list of items that may be found in any mail from Japan, China and the Philippines, it is said by Postmaster D. H. MacAdam.

The miscellaneous packages also bring with them a tremendous amount of detail work, for at least 50 per cent of all the letters and packages in a mail from the Orient are addressed solely in the language of their origin, which must be translated into English. For instance, out of a recent mail containing 12,000 letters, 6,000 were addressed in Japanese characters. Japanese, Filipino, Chinese and Korean clerks must be hired.

The mails between Honolulu, the Orient and the South Seas are growing in size, it is shown by figures compiled by Postmaster MacAdam. In 1921 all classes of mail to China, Japan and Manila aggregated 3,804 bags, and had risen to 3,932 in 1922, an increase of 128.

JAZZ HELPS TO WIN CONVERTS

Missionaries Say Appeal to Heathen People Is Irresistible.

Ragtime and "jazz" may be working to the detriment of Young America, but their syncopated strains are winning converts to Christian ideals in Timbuctoo, Tibet and Taihiti, says Paul Rader, evangelist and president of the Christian and Missionary alliance, the international conference of which brings missionaries from all parts of the world.

"American jazz music is used by our missionaries to attract the attention of and assemble the most savage people in our fields to evangelistic services," Mr. Rader said. "Our missionaries carry no arms, but through musical instruments and their voices raised in song and prayer ply their work of converting the heathen. Sacred words are put to modern jazz songs, noble thoughts to popular tunes, and then sung with a spirit that attracts the savages.

"All sorts of hymns are sung, but we find that the rythm of ragtime tunes delights the simple mind of the savage, appeals to his tom-tom trained mind and the first thing the missionary knows the wild man is singing Christian words, learning white religious theology and presently is converted."

Bible Society Meets in Roosevelt Home

Four million copies of the King James version of the Bible have been distributed by the American Bible society since its organization, it is shown by reports at the 107th annual meeting at Sagamore Hill, home of Theodore Roosevelt, former President.

Members of the society were received by Mrs. Roosevelt in the trophy room of the residence.

Draft Evaders Liable

Draft evaders who escaped military service by leaving the country for foreign lands, are subject to punishment by military court martial, the federal circuit court of appeals held recently. The decision overruled the action of the federal district court in discharging Samuel Feld of Passaic, N. J., on a writ of habeas corpus from the Governor's Island prison, where he was held as a deserter.

INSURANCE MEN WORK OVERTIME

Policies Worth $10,500,000 Written in 1922, Setting New High Record

American life insurance companies wrote ten and a half million dollars of life insurance in 1922, a new high record, and for the first time in their history paid out more than a billion dollars to policy holders, it was disclosed by the Spectator, an insurance publication. The payments totalled $1,006,931,734.

Of the $10,500,000,000 new business written, $8,400,000,000 was ordinary insurance, including group. That was about $500,000,000 less than the amount written in 1920, the previous banner year, but the loss was more than overcome by the gain in new industrial insurance. The industrial insurance figure for 1922 was $2,100,000,000 and in the year before was $1,400,000,000.

The 260 companies included in the tabulation took in $1,672,099,924 in premiums and had a total income of $2,137,294,355. Their assets were listed at $8,717,758,247, an increase of $650,087,511 from last year's figures, and their surplus, assigned and unassigned at the end of the year was $973,994,182.

"If we are to believe that the writing of new insurance is an indication of the economic and financial condition of the country," the Spectator concludes, "it is safe to say that the depressive period of reconstruction has been passed and that America has reached a state of optimistic normalcy."

BISHOP ATTACKS N. Y. PREACHERS

Gotham Prelate Says Belief Bishop Manning Says Belief by Science.

Saying that the whole diocese of New York was behind him in his recent controversy, Bishop William T. Manning of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York delivered an attack on "preachers and teachers who do not preach what they have taken vows to preach," in an address at the 140th annual convention of the New York diocese.

Bishop Manning did not directly name Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Ascension, whose views on church doctrines recently caused a controversy with the bishop, but his address was devoted to replying to the contentions of Dr. Grant on church doctrines and practice. He said that there was no conflict between religion and science and asserted that the element of the supernatural must enter into religion.

Resolution Offered.

His address followed introduction of a resolution proposing appointment of a special committee to draft a proposal for examination as to the "mental competency" of ministers who insist on retaining "positions of trust and emolument as preachers and teachers in a church whose doctrines they openly repudiate."

The resolution was believed to have been aimed at Dr. Grant and was sent to a committee. It also declared that the insistence of a clergyman on his right to hold his post while dissenting from the creed "is so abhorrent to the universally received and accepted standards of right and wrong as to cause grave doubt as to his mental responsibility."

No Reality in Conflict.

After referring to the obligations and responsibilities of ministers, Bishop Manning said that there was no reality in the supposed conflict between science and religion, and that the belief that science was committed to the materialist philosophy, excluding belief in the supernatural and possibility of miracles, was out of date.

A resolution attacking the modernist movement in the Episcopal church also was introduced. It denied the right of the Modern Churchmen's union, composed of rectors and laymen, to interpret the church creed according to its own will, and opposed the doctrine of "progressive revelation."

Day and Night Radio Protection Ordered

Looking to protection of every locality of the United States in cases of storms, floods or other grave emergencies, Secretary of Commerce Hoover announced radio regulations which provide that one or more operators must be on duty at all hours in broadcasting stations holding commercial first class licenses.

Continuous watch must be maintained and operators are required to render any assistance possible in emergencies, supplementing existing public communication facilities that may be temporarily interrupted. Under this regulation radio assumes the same importance in the protection of life and property on land as on the seas.

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NATION URGED TO GROW TREES

Huge National Forests to Save Timber Supply Suggested.

The creation of great national forests in Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin of at least 1,000,000 acres each was suggested to the United States senate reforestation committee by John W. Blodgett of Grand Rapids, president of the National Manufacturers' association.

The committee left for Chicago with three outstanding conclusions drawn from the testimony heard in their Michigan inquiry.

First—That private owners will do little reforestation work because of the lack of visible profit.

Second—That Michigan holders of cut-over land ask more federal and state aid in the matter of fire protection.

Third—That persons who have been approached by the committee have unanimously expressed the belief that the federal government should come into the state and take control of large areas of land for reforestation with the idea that if the government can prove the feasibility of producing timber crops it will blaze the way for private enterprises.

Falls on Skeletons

Lewis Urmy fell over a cliff in England and landed among three skeletons, apparently of men who had suffered a similar accident and been killed.

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M. O.	140 lbs.	2	$22.25	$5.00	$5.75 for 3 Mos
No. 1	240 lbs.	4	25.00	$5.00	$5.00 for 4 Mos.
No. 2	330 lbs.	6	28.00	$5.00	$5.75 for 4 Mos.
No. 4	550 lbs.	5	36.50	$5.00	$5.25 for 6 Mos.
No. 5	400 lbs.	7	38.00	$5.00	$5.50 for 6 Mos.
No. 6	500 lbs.	9	41.00	$5.00	$5.50 for 6 Mos.
No. 8	800 lbs.	12	53.00	$5.00	$8.00 for 6 Mos.
No. 10	1000 lbs.	Over 12	65.00	$5.00	$10.00 For 6 Mos.

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SHORT ENDS OF WORLD NEWS

FRANCIS OUIMET, sole survivor of the American team in the British amateur golf championship, was beaten in the semi-finals by Roger Wethered, star of the British forces.

President Henry Churchill King of Oberlin college has been named chairman of a committee appointed by the Ohio Congregational conference to represent it in a movement recently initiated by the Cleveland Congregational Union and the Cleveland Presbytery for a merger of the Union and the Presbyterian denominations.

Edward P. Farley, Chicago, former vice president of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, will succeed Albert D. Lasker as chairman of the shipping board on June 12.

The U. S. shipping board's steam schooner Lake Gebhart went on the rocks last week near Umatilla Reef, on the Washington coast.

The Ohio supreme court, by a vote of 4 to 3, held recently that an automobile owner is liable for damages if he entrusts his machine to an inexperienced or incompetent person, and that an automobile, in such a case, becomes a "dangerous instrument."

A bill to provide that any ship entering or leaving British waters be obliged to carry a reasonable amount of alcoholic liquors for the supply of passengers on demand, has been introduced in the British house of commons. It is intended as a counter-move against the American prohibition laws.

Pope Pius received King George and Queen Mary of England last week in solemn audience in the apostolic palace of the Vatican.

Federal Judge Knox of New York has declared void that portion of the Volstead act which limits the amount of liquor a physician may prescribe and granted an injunction restraining prohibition enforcement officers from interfering with the practice of Dr. Samuel Lambert.

King George and Queen Mary of England last week laid wreaths on the tombs of Italy's unknown soldier and of King Victor Emanuel II. and King Humbert.

Present day scientific, ethical and philosophical theories will be employed in rewriting the Bible "in the light of a twentieth century," it has been announced by the Tyson Lectureship Foundation, Inc., which

SIXTEEN men were burned to death by the explosion of a giant oil gusher near Corsicana, Texas. The huge producer came in recently, flowing 15,000 barrels. The flame shot up 300 feet and 11 miles from the well monster billows of black smoke advanced.

was organized recently at a meeting of clergy, scholars and laity in New York.

Postal receipts were 10 per cent greater in April than they were for the same month a year ago. The department said the increase is significant as showing the business line holding steady one year after the trade revival began.

Secretary Mellon's forecast of a treasury surplus June 30 was hailed by Chairman Allen of the Republican national committee as "furnishing further striking evidence of the benefits accruing to the American people through the business methods of the Republican administration."

Government application for a temporary injunction to enjoin trading in raw sugar by the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange and its clearing association has been denied by the U. S. circuit court of appeals.

Charles D. B. King has been re-elected president of Liberia. King ran on a progressive platform.

Central Labor union of Seattle has been notified by the executive council of the American Federation of Labor that it must either rescind its indorsement of soviet rule in Russia or discontinue its affiliation with the federation.

Three members of the staff of a Birmingham, Ala., newspaper were sentenced to jail for 24 hours for contempt of court. The court gave the men the alternative of apologizing and promising they would not again print what the court termed improper matter, but they chose the jail sentence.

With Great Britain and Russia at loggerheads over fishing rights, Japan has made an agreement on Japanese fishing rights which is hailed in some places as practical recognition of the soviet by Japan.

Lieut. John A. MacReady, who, with Lieut. Oakley G. Kelly, recently flew the monoplane 7-2 across the continent without stopping, was married last week to Nellie Jay Turner, Columbus, O.

U. S. TREASURY department intends to deal "reasonably" with foreign ships which, with liquor aboard, are unable to clear American territorial waters before June 10, the date on which the regulations carrying into effect the recent supreme court decision will become operative.

George Harvey, American ambassador to Great Britain, upon his arrival in New York, declared that he knew nothing about reports that he had resigned or planned to resign in order to direct a campaign for the renomination and re-election of President Harding.

A wage increase affecting 10,000 maintenance of way employes of the Great Northern railway has been signed.

Joseph Caillaux, former French premier, was attacked by members of a crowd which surrounded him in Toulouse, France. He was injured about the head.

Chamber of Commerce of the United States has endorsed entry of this country into the world court. It also advocated increasing by two per cent the immigration quotas and urged state regulation of public utilities rather than local regulation.

Wage increase demands by union shopmen aggregating $50,000 000 annually have been presented to three big roads through the railway employes' department of the American Federation of Labor, preparatory to taking the case before the U. S. labor board.

Stanley Baldwin told the British house of commons recently that Great Britain was not consulting the United States on the German reparations offer lest it embarass America, as the latter had never sought reparations from Germany.

Albert Schlogetter, one of the chiefs of the so-called "murder gang" which has been carrying on a campaign of terror against French occupation in the Ruhr, was convicted by court martial and sentenced to death.

The Australian government has issued summonses under the immigration act calling on Irish republican delegates, Sean O'Kelly and Father O'Flanagan to show cause why they should not be deported. They were arrested on the charge of engaging in a seditious enterprise.

RURAL WELFARE

EDITED BY A. P. SANDLES

SPRING SASSAFRAS TEA— And Slippery-Elm Bark.

How many of our Blade readers are on speaking terms with sassafras roots and sassafras tea? Have you ever gone to the woods and dug up this treasure? If not, you have missed a part of your education.

How many of you ever tackled an Indian turnip and then regretted your foolishness and lack of judgment? We have taken this degree with nothing left out. This turnip has a lot of power and self-defense.

Calamus root is another neighbor that every real boy and girl on the farm used to be well acquainted with. We wonder whether many of our readers could pick out this leading citizen of the dirt if they would go on a hunt for it. There is less of it today than there used to be.

Poke berries had a place in a boys life in many sections of the country. This crop was plentiful in our home section, as were the black raspberries which fit everybody with red blood.

Slippery-elm trees are like the old boys in blue, they are passing on. No doubt many who read this will remember all about slippery-elm uses.

Most of the older folks can take a ramble through memory halls and find some of these odd and interesting things that used to grow in the woods, fields and God's great out-of-doors. Pennyroyal, catnip and peppermint tea and a lot of other home grown medicine used to come our way when we were a boy and under command of our mother or grandmother. The latter was a great tree, root, herb, berry, bark, vegetable and moon doctor. She made sure that we did not miss anything in her line. We took it all and lived through it to tell the tale.

THE USE OF CEMENT— Mounts Higher and Higher.

The use of Portland cement grows rapidly. Its many different uses make it one of the big business industries of the country. Almost every day some new use for it is discovered to be practical and a money saver.

In 1918 the number of barrels of cement shipped into all the states made a total of 68,500,000. In 1922, this total shipment of cement into the states had climbed to 115,000,000 barrels. This is an average of more than one barrel of cement for every man, woman and child in the U. S. A.

The six states using the most barrels of cement in 1918 were: New York, 6,335,000; Pennsylvania, 6,-846,000; Illinois, 5,049,000; Ohio, 4,-881,000; California, 3,569,000; Michigan, 3,244,000.

The state of Nevada used the least, only 34,000 barrels, Vermont was next with only 122,000 barrels.

In 1922, New York state had taken the lead over Pennsylvania in the number of barrels used as follows: New York, 13,212,000; Pennsylvania, 10,343,000; Illinois, 9,649,-000; California, 8,091,000; Ohio, 7,-574,000; Michigan, 6,187,000.

In 1922, Nevada was still lowest with 91,000 barrels, and Wyoming second, with 229,000 barrels. The use of cement is a sign of progress. Few of the old-time expert stone masons are left. Here and there we see tokens of their work done 20 and 40 years ago.

Every farm home should use more cement around both the home and the barn. It keeps folks out of the mud and is useful in many ways.

THREE OLD HYMNS— Most Popular in America.

Would you have guessed these three songs as being the most popular? The American Magazine made a nation-wide query as to which was the most popular and most loved song. The answers revealed that old-time religious hymns had the strongest hold on folks who think. Here are the three in the order of their preference:

"Abide With Me."

"Nearer My God to Thee."

"Jesus Lover of My Soul."

All three are of English authorship and nearly 100 years old. Rev. Lyte wrote the first, Mrs. Sarah Fuller Flower wrote the second. Charles Wesley gave birth to the third.

That great preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, said of the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul:" "I would rather have written that hymn than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on earthly thrones."

The fourth song in favor was "Lead, Kindly Light," written by Cardinal Newman in 1833. The oldest popular hymn is "Jerusalem, My Happy Home."

Rather odd that these old gems of language and religious devotion should hold a place for so long a time. The last one mentioned was written by Francis Baker, a priest. Songs that live are worth while. Where are our song writers of today?

SOME GOOD IN RUSSIA— Grafters Are Put to Death.

A leading American newspaper has called attention to the fact that there is some virtue in the government of Russia at the present time, in spite of the fact, we have been led to believe that this former land of czars was in a state of anarchy.

The reason that this newspaper commends Russia is the fact that a lot of officers of the government, who were convicted of grafting and being crooked in their official capacity, have been shot by orders of the court.

This is a sure cure. They do not recover to try it over. Every rascal understands this argument. Russia sets a good example for many other countries to follow.

Sure punishment would stop bootlegging and other criminal practices, which now is epidemic. Let's have a little Russian medicine.

AT BIG BALL GAME— The Bug Nearly Got Us.

As a rule we do not have time for ball games. But recently some of our friends insisted that Rural Welfare editor accept invitation to see opening game in one of our big cities.

He accepted, got a free dinner and a free ticket to the ball show. This ought to make anybody happy. It gives a breathing spell to the grind of work.

Nearly 50,000 people saw the game. There is inspiration in a vast crowd of human beings. There was generous cheering when the ball teams appeared upon the field for practice and for play.

The game was close. It was a battle of brains as well as a battle of bats and balls. Every man on the team was a past master at this sport. They made good wages. Many of them had come from the farm.

Excitement ran high. The home rooters wanted the home team to win, and it did. We saw sedate and dignified judges and elderly business men rise in their seats and cheer as they did in the days of old when they were young and care-free.

We got close enough to this baseball bug this day to know for sure that if we attended a ball game two or three days in succession, that we would be a ball fan and not much good for anything else when a game was on.

Thousands of women were present. Flocks of country folk had come from the farm many miles away in the auto, and paid for reserve seat tickets with just as free and easy air and way as did the rich in the town or city. It was our day off. We had a good time. We may go again. Every Blade reader ought to see a good ball game now and then.

DIRT FARMER BUNK— Glad It's Wearing Out.

Many sensible farmers who know chunks of bunk when they see and hear it, are letting the smart set know that they are not in sympathy with this "dirt" farmer stuff that has been passed around.

If a man is competent to fill a place of trust he should neither be elected or appointed to it or kept out of it because he is a farmer. Qualification is the yardstick to measure man or woman by.

Senator Brookhart of Iowa recently said that it might yet be necessary to send a delegation of farmers, dressed in overalls and hickory shirts to Washington to demand a square deal in law making.

Why does the senator want farmers to wear overalls when they go to the national capital? Why not let them dress like other folks and be entitled to as much credit as men get in any other business.

We have no grudge at overalls. We have worn out many a pair even after mother plastered them with patches. But there is a proper place for such clothes to be worn.

Senator Brookhart's statement is in line with the high-brow in the city who always wants to cartoon and picture the farmer in the public press as being a rube, togged up in hayseed clothes, which is no more or less than a rank insult to the farmer class.

The farmer may not wear as costly clothes as some of our dude critics, but as a rule he has them paid for.

OUR SPEED INSANITY— What Is the Cure?

"Dangerous. Fourteen Miles to a Hospital. Undertaker's Charges Are High." This is the sign, together with a skull and cross-bones, that gives a warning to the public at a dangerous railroad crossing.

At this road crossing, in Pennsylvania, is also an old blue marble tombstone. On it is this inscription: "Prepare for death and follow me."

During the past six months the death toll at railroad crossings has been amazing. Trying to beat the train across the crossing has cost many lives of those who ride in auto, truck and bus.

Our speed maniacs equal those who are careless at crossings. Signs should be posted at least 500 feet away from the railroad track so as to give the speed dunce time to slow down, unless he wants to commit suicide and murder.

Many sane folks are talking in favor of a law to punish any automobile manufacturer who makes a machine that will run over 50 miles an hour. Today many high powered machines will make 60, 70 or 80 miles an hour.

The auto, the rail crossing, the fool and the careless are killing more human beings than any epidemic of disease ever did. Stop it. Do it now. How?

THE END OF SCHOOL— Do You Know Your Child?

School terms have closed, or soon will. What is the state of mind of your boy or girl? Will he or she pass the examination and be promoted? If not, why not? If there is any good reason for your child to fail, why did you not discover this in time to save your child from failure at the end of the term?

We have heard some mothers talking about children failing in final examinations in school. Some of them were not in good humor. They are inclined to blame the teacher and think the failure is no fault of the child's.

Was your child prompt in attendance and not tardy in arriving at school? Have you taken an interest in the child's work during the school term? Do you realize that this failure will mean another year in school for the boy or girl to graduate?

Perhaps it is well for the child to have an extra year. Some parents make the mistake of wanting children to go too fast and beyond their years and maturity in school. Parents will do well to keep in closer touch with the teacher and not wait and get mad at the teacher after the failing grades have been handed out.

TROUBLE IN THE TOWN— The Baker on the Jury.

Pity the town that has no bread baker. In a certain town the only baker was drawn for jury duty. A dozen ladies asked the judge to excuse the baker. The judge refused. He said: "Let the women go to work and bake their own bread. I feel sorry for their husbands who eat the bread they bake, but the work will do the women good."

The judge lived out of their town. He wired the above message. It will hardly be safe for him to visit this town when these ladies are awake and in good health.

Perhaps the judge gave good advice. Too many of us want to be waited upon so much that some of us do become helpless. Factory victuals and meals are likely to make us helpless and dependent.

Do housewives take pride in confessing inability to bake bread? We do not want any good wife or mother to overwork, but the best of them will know how to make and bake bread when necessity demands.

Our guess is that most of the good wives and mothers who are readers of The Blade will agree that the judge gave good advice to the women of this western town who were afraid they would starve if one lone baker was put on the jury.

This is a hint for mothers to see to it that the daughter knows how to bake. Do it now.

DOES WIFE HAVE RIGHT— To Enter Husband's Pockets?

We have been asked whether a wife has the right to go through the pockets of her husband's clothes. We wonder why a husband should object to this act of kindness.

We knew of one wife who never got any spending money any other way. That was back in the days when saloons were still in existence.

If a saloon had a right to go through a man's pockets and take money away from the home and family, we do not see why the wife who is raising the children, should not have a better right to do things than the saloon.

If man and wife are rightly living, we do not see the need of any wife wanting to go through her husband's pockets. She usually gets what he has anyway. She has the old boy under full control and knows how to manage him.

Here is a story which we caught on the wing:

"What are you cutting out of the paper?"

"An item about a California man securing a divorce because his wife went through his pockets."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Put it in my pocket."

LADIES EDGING IN— As State Fair Directors.

The ladies are marching on. They seem to fit most any place. What's more, nine out of ten of them make good on any task they attempt.

We know of two state fairs that have honored a woman by making her a member of the board of directors.

Mrs. Thomas J. Stofer is the first woman to serve on the New York state fair board, and Mrs. W. L. Barger is the first woman to serve on the Ohio board.

Women have to pay cash to get in the gate the same as men, why not let them help to run the show? They will do it som eday, anyway.

The ladies are edging in. Amen.

THE GERMAN MARK— Is Sad Token of Money.

Once one dollar of our money would buy four German marks. Today one dollar of our money will buy more than 25,000 marks.

German money is far below par. It is almost worthless. Hardly worth the paper it is printed on. The big manufacturers are making big money. They pay low wages in marks and sell to America at big prices in good money.

Tens of thousands of our American citizens had faith in the German mark. We sent millions of dollars of good money to Germany to buy marks at a low price. We fondly hoped the mark would rise in value. It did not. It went lower. We lost our money we invested in German money.

The working German has been hit. He would work hard all day. Get his pay in marks and then find the price of the mark had gone down during the day so that he was poorer for having worked than he was in the morning when he started.

THE COUNTY AGENT— Has Too Many Bosses.

What is the future of the county agent? Does he have too many bosses and too many paymasters? Some of them get pay from four different sources, as follows:

1—County Farm Bureau.

2—County commissioners.

3—The federal government.

4—Agricultural colleges.

The county agent must please everybody. Everyone feels free to take a crack at this fellow. He must not offend anybody. If he helps in co-operative buying and selling he has the home merchant and dealer pulling his hair and sticking pins into him.

Big influences are being brought to bear at Washington to persuade congress to cut out all appropriations to help pay for the county agent. Uncle Sam has done a lot to help this agent cause along.

Some farmers are prejudiced against the agent. They say that he could not run a farm of his own, let alone showing and telling other farmers how to farm. This is not the business of the agent. He is supposed to do what farmers want done. A real county agent never has any trouble getting along with farmers after he gets started.

OUR PICTURE TAKEN— With the Ohio Governor.

Do you recall just how you feel when you are about to have your picture taken? Do you take an invoice of yourself as to whether you are a little lop-sided or dressed just right, or have your hair combed so that every hair lies exactly north and south, and whether you ought to smile or look sober, etc.

Most of our readers have had just such experience. Some days ago we were called to the office of the governor of Ohio to have a picture taken of a group who was to witness the governor sign a bill which is designed to rid county and state fairs of undesirable shows, gambling and other objectionable features to which many good folks have objected.

We have talked and written in favor of clean fairs for many years. It is hoped that this bill will help the cause. We were glad to lend a helping hand to this cleanup.

WHICH IS RIGHT— Capital or Labor?

Will capital and labor ever see things alike? Do both of them try to put something over on the public? Is there a silent partnership existing between them?

Capital says to labor: "You are incompetent. You double pay for one-half efficient work."

Labor says to capital: "You insist on big dividends on stocks and bonds which are more than one-half water. Why should you do this and then complain about labor not giving value received for wages."

In these two charges made each against the other, the public is very much interested. The public is the goat. It has to pay the bills either way and both ways.

In many cases both capital and labor may be telling the truth about each other.

PRESIDENT HARDING— Has Bit in His Teeth.

President Harding has cut the thongs that seemed to have bound him to the professional politicians, who told him that a president could talk a little, now and then, but say nothing. Recently the President made a speech in New York city to 1,000 newspaper men. He spoke right out in meeting. He is in favor of the United States going into a world court and playing a part. He wants our markets widened so that the farmer can get a profit price for his wheat and meat. He wants to help those Old World nations to get on their feet, be prosperous and repay to the United States the billions of dollars of war debts which they owe us.

It is just possible that the President knows his business. We know that the country is sick and tired of the old-has-been politics, bosses and machine grinding. Let's give the President a helping hand.

CAN YOU ANSWER THIS— Do Mothers Work Too Much?

"Young folks of today work too little and sleep too long in the morning. They stay out late at night and have to be called more than once to get up in time for breakfast or school. They do not get the morning air, which would put the color of health in their cheeks. They prefer to buy nose and cheek paste and paint at the down town drug store and give their faces a coat of paint that rubs off several times a day. They let mother work too much while they work too little or not at all. They want everything that fancy can invent and cry and sometimes abuse mother if they do not get their every wish. It is time for girls to get up in the morning, help mother, use less paint and work some for their board and clothes. Mothers make a mistake if they fail to insist on these rules being observed."

This is what a mother of 50 years thinks. We wonder if she is right and how many of our Blade mothers will agree with her. Think it over.

TAKES HER HAT OFF— Before Doing Suicide Act.

Man agrees that woman is a curious mixture. She is. She can't help it. She started from Adam's rib. She is a chunk off the old block and like it.

At Niagara Falls are many suicides. Many of these are women. They get into the swift current above and are carried over the falls and are lost.

Nine times out of ten before they plunge or wade into the water they take off their hat and lay it tenderly on the bank of the river. They would not get it wet for the world, and they do not want it to become soiled.

A man who was to be hanged, asked that the execution be put off, as he had a boil on his neck and he was afraid he could not stand the pain.

WHICH WILL BE FIRST— Baby or Divorce Case?

Hasty marriages are seldom wise. Sometimes they pan out all right. Married in a hurry and on short acquainfance often brings long-time regrets that do no good.

A preacher who knows the human side of life sounds a warning by advising young folks to be patient in the marriage contract. Love laughs at locks, bolts and common sense and ignores parental advice.

Father and mother do not like to see son or daughter waste themselves and their lives by unhappy and unwise wedlock. Kids cost too much and require too much hard work and worry to be thrown away after they are raised.

Once grouchy old dad, who was mad when his daughter married a shiftless and lazy fellow who liked to wear good clothes, if he could borrow the money to pay for them, said that it was a guess as to which would come first, a baby or a divorce case.

ARE WE UNDER-WORKED— Over-Fed and Over-Educated.

We recently met a long-time reader of The Blade. He is a leading citizen of his community. He is a crank, because he does his own thinking and does not agree with you just to please you, whether he thinks you are right or wrong. His office is beneath his own hat.

He is not against common sense education. He is against the thin veneer of make-believe education that makes the rising generation shun work and spend dad's money like wind and water.

He insists that our so-called 100 per cent Americans are permitting their children to be overfed and over-educated and at the same time under-worked. He thinks that work is a blessing and that too much feed and too much sham education are the real causes of bolshevism in this country today.

Too many who are afraid to get blisters on their hands or an ache in the back. Too many who want to be away from home when they should be inside the walls of the old family nest helping parents take care of the house and home.

CHIEF JUSTICE TAFT— Gets Extra Ten Thousand.

Andrew Carnegie, the steel and iron king, was one of the richest men in the world when he died. He had given many millions to found libraries. He was one of the greatest givers the world has ever had, of dollars.

In his will he provided that the sum of $10,000 should be paid to William Howard Taft each year so long as Mr. Taft lived. Mr. Taft has accepted the gift. There has been some criticism, but public sentiment does not condemn Mr. Taft for taking the money, as Mr. Carnegie is dead and Mr. Taft is not placed under any obligations to anybody because of this legacy.

No man in the history of the United States has ever won such honors as has William Howard Taft of Ohio. He has broken all records in holding of high offices.

For four years he was president of the United States. Today he is holding the highest judicial office in the world, that of chief justice of the United States supreme court. He can hold this office so long as he lives if he so desires.

Few ex-presidents have accepted office after serving in the White House. It is a well known fact that Judge Taft prefers a judicial position to that of any other. John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts was elected as a member of congress after he had served as president.

Quits Shipping Board

Resignation of former Senator George E. Chamberlain of Oregon as a member of the shipping board has been accepted by President Harding effective June 30. Mr. Chamberlain probably will open a law office in Washington.

MAKE GARDEN TO FRAME YOUR HOME IF YOU WOULD BE HAPPY

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER.

EVERYONE agrees that a frame is essential to a picture. In the same degree, a garden is one of the component parts, one of the chief essentials, the frame enhancing the beauty, of a real home.

It is very lovely if this frame can comprise a lawn having trees, flowering shrubs, vines and bushes, with a combination flower and vegetable garden at the back.

Of course, there is no limit to the amount of pains and expense that may be used in the making of a garden. Those who can afford it seem to derive great joy from calling in landscape gardeners and nurserymen, and surrounding their homes with small parks.

But the real garden, which is a vital part of a real home, is planned by the master and the mistress of the house.

Every inch of space is utilized. The most loving care should be given to the trees, vines and bushes that are set, in order that a continuity of flowers, colorful leaves or berries may be had throughout the season.

People having the space greatly appreciate a few fruit-trees. Those who have not must content themselves with shrubs and bushes, and one good forest tree for shade.

Gene Stratton Porter

No Job for the Lazy.

The essential thing is that, working and planning together, a man and a woman shall take a piece of barren soil and so cover it with a thick mat of grass set with trees and bush as to be an expression of their individuality, their artistic taste, their eye for color.

No lazy man can or will make a garden.

People must be willing to work for the treasures of color and beauty and fragrance they wish to evolve. They must dig the soil deep and fertilize it well.

When a man plants, if he wants his growing things really to thrive, he must dig big holes, loosen the soil at the bottom, straighten out the thread roots of the trees and bushes he is setting, turn the tips downward, work fine soil around them, moisten it to exclude air, and cut back the tops and rub off buds until his heart rebels, so that the root system may become well established before it is asked to spend strength on leaf and flower.

The chief joy of a garden lies in making things live, making them grow abundantly and flower beautifully, because you have planted them right and given them loving attention. The more beautiful a garden can be made, the greater the testimonial to the kind and quality of heart a man posesses, to his artistic ability, and to his skill.

There are few joys in the world to equal the joy of a garden in a flourishing condition, a garden that allows the mistress of the house to take her basket and her shears and fare ferth in the cool of the evening to cut the flowers she wishes to use to decorate her home for the coming day.

Let the Children Dig, Too.

Flowers so gathered, allowed to stand deeply in water in a cool place overnight, and arranged in the morning, will retain their color and hold up their heads much longer than those gathered during the heat of the day. Nothing can be added to the decoration of a home so appealingly beautiful as vases, bowls and dishes of cut flowers.

So many exquisite receptacles are made for holding flowers in these days, such beautifully designed pieces of pottery and glass may be had so cheaply, that there is no excuse for any home having a few square yards of earth around it not being filled with home-grown flowers.

There is a healthy spirit of competition in the growing of a city garden, where each man looks over his back fence and tries to outdo his neighbor in the selection of beautiful specimens, the attractive setting of them, and the ability to get the finest blooms a trifle earlier than anyone else.

I think that there is no way in which to get a correct estimate on the influence upon children of a garden and of growing things around a home.

It is a refining and an uplifting influence if they be taught early in life to admire the beauty of flower form and flower color, the wonder of root, bulb and seed, the miracle of reproduction in its various forms; if they be shown how and why some plants must have a sunny location, some must be in the shade, some must have their heads in the sun and their feet in a damp place.

It is important that each child should be given at least a small space where he may dig in the dirt to his heart's content and test his skill in setting growing things for which he cares.

Large Spending Unnecessary.

It is not necessary to expend large sums of money on a garden.

Anyone who loves flowers, and wishes to have them, may make a beginning in a modest way, and by offering of what he has in excess, he may awaken a spirit of like generosity in his neighbors, so that he soon accumulates as large a collection as is desirable.

I think it is deplorable that many people in the country feel that they cannot have an attractive door yard and flowers in the garden, because they cannot afford nursery specimens. Personally, I do not love the great, overgrown, gorgeous, nursery productions, as I do the delicately leaved and daintily flowered wildlings lifting up their heads beside the road, through the woods, around the swamps.

During the past eight years I have set, by actual count, very close to 15,000 trees, shrubs, vines, bushes and flowers in the grounds immediately surrounding Limberlost Cabin, every one of which (with the aid of my car and a corps of men) I brought in from the surrounding swamps, forests and highways. I have knelt personally to tuck in the toes of practically every one of them.

I do not see any trees advertised by the florists that I find more beautiful than oak, elm, beech, maple, linden, dogwood, tulip poplar, mountain ash, redbud, many of the cornels, haws and osiers.

Witch-hazel in full bloom is an exquisite sight at an unusual time.

The old wild sweet briar is of unsurpassed loveliness.

The alders are a mist of lace, and those having the red berries are especially beautiful from a decorative standpoint.

The northern holly is a flaming wonder in the Fall.

Throwing Away Beauty.

There are dozens of dainty, delicate vines having beautiful leaves and appealing flower and fruit clusters.

When it comes to the flowers and ferns of deep wood that may be utilized in a cool and shaded location, the list is long and surpassingly lovely.

And there is the joy of planning work so that time may be had to take a lunch and spend the day lifting and bringing in specimens.

I have had many country women say to me that they could not afford to buy flowers and shrubs with which to ornament their yards; and I have pointed out the fact that I was spending my time, employing and using large sums of money to remove to my premises and encourage to grow there the things that they were digging up and throwing away.

I recall one farmer to whom I spoke beside a road one morning.

I asked him if he thought the owner of a piece of land would care if I took up the roots of bittersweet growing where a rail fence had been removed.

I shall never forget the shout of laughter with which he greeted the question, and when his mirth had subsided he said to me:

"Well, new, since Henry's paying three dollars a day to have that 'tarnal stuff grubbed out, I don't reckon he would object much if you took it out for nothin'."

So I took "the 'tarnal stuff for nothin'"—roots of bittersweet which I set beside a fence running between my orchard and the meadow back of it.

Those roots were matured and were set five years ago. Today that fence is a green hedge in Spring, in the Fall a golden wonder. All Winter its gorgeous, bloody berry clusters lift above the snow and lighten the dark days; while I cut great boxes of it to send to my friends in the city, where for months it hangs in wreaths and festoons of brilliancy.

Living Among Flowers.

It seems to me that the logical thing, the happy thing to do is to take the common things that we find around us, and demand of them that they yield us pleasure.

Personally, I have had from life no greater joy than walking through the woods surrounding Limberlost Cabin in May, where it is impossible to step off beaten paths without setting foot on white or blue violets, snow boys, Spring beauties, blue-eyed Marys, adder tongue lilies and all the little, earthy, delicate flowers of Spring; later the trillium lilies, starry campion and the bluebells dogwoods and the redbuds, the golden orchid slippers and the white, pink-toed ones.

All these wonderful things, that have cost me only the labor of bringing them to my grounds, have paid me with the exquisite joy I find in loving them and living among them.

If any city dweller who has a car will consent to drive slowly and keep his eyes well open, he will sooner or later find the wood where these things are growing, and if he has a space in which to put them that approximates in moisture, light, air and fertility the place from which he takes them, he may have a wonderful reward merely for the joy of finding what he would like to have and loving it into consenting to his environment.

I cannot visualize any kind of building, no matter how stately nor how humble, as a real home unless the father and mother and the least chick of the children are all interested in making things grow and bloom and vine around it.

It is difficult to set down in print an exact summary of what the growing of a garden does to anyone—the lessons it teaches in care, in patience in persistence; and there are no words in which to express adequately the spiritual purging and refining, the mental and moral uplift that result from just loving beautiful things into living for and with you.

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A DUEL OF THE GODS

The International Sunday School Lesson for May 20 Is "Elijah, the Brave Reformer"— I. Kings 18:30-39.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

TRAVELERS usually cherish as their most precious memories experiences that have nothing to do with the conventional "sights" of the world. Of all the hundreds of tourists who have visited the Holy Land in the past three months probably not one has gone off the beaten path to the lonely height of the southern end of Mt. Carmel, where once was staged the duel between the lonely prophet Elijah and the hundreds of popular priests of the nation's favorite idol. One of my own most vivid recollections of all my travels in Bible lands has to do with this spot. I spent a large part of one Sunday with the hospitable Carmelite monks in their bare monastery at what is now called "the Place of Burning." Twelve miles long is beautiful, outstanding Carmel, "the mountain of a thousand valleys," and this southern end, which looks out on the sea to the westward, and across the Brook Kishon to the Plain of Esdraelon and the hills of Galilee to the eastward, fits the duel story as a lock fits a key.

This is not the place to recount at length my experience with the lonely monks; or with the Druze villagers; or the thrilling night ride to Haifa along the mountain top; or the visit to the never-failing spring below the monastery, where Elijah obtained water even in a time of drought; or the startling experience of seeing, as I watched from the monastery roof, a cloud the size of a man's hand rise out of the Mediterranean. The sense was strong upon me that I stood on the scene of veritable history, one of the most dramatic episodes in the long record of man's struggle toward religious truth. Ever since that day Elijah has been a special friend of mine; and I have visited his haunts, even to the Brook Cherith, down near Jericho; and to Mount Sinai, where he heard the "still small voice," after the wind and the fire and the earthquake.

The Duel as Staged.

What a setting for this greatest duel in history—a mountain peak for the arena, a nation for spectators and judges; and the rival participants, one man a fugitive from the law against hundreds of priests of the court cult! For three years Elijah had been in exile, his life sought by King Ahab and Queen Jezebel. According to his prediction, a drought and famine had been upon the land throughout this period.

Suddenly Elijah reappeared, with high words of condemnation for the astounded king, and had summoned Ahab, the court, the priests of Baal, and the entire nation to a spectacular test on Mt. Carmel of the power of Jehovah as against the power of the idol whom Queen Jezebel had brought with her from Phoenicia.

When all things had been made ready, Elijah, who never for an instant had been out of the eye of the multitude, assumed a favorable position for speaking, on a crag of the steep southern face of Mt. Carmel. The native grandeur of his figure awed the people. His temerity in daring to appear before Ahab astonished them. His willingness to face the nation upon whom he had caused such a sore visitation to descend set them to wondering what he would say. If they expected an apology they were mistaken and knew not their man. The first words of this brave prophet who dared stand alone against a countless multitude, were a summons and a rebuke. "How long go ye limping between two sides. If Jehovah be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him."

The terse characterization was true to life. The people had been limping, for trimmers can neither walk straight nor stand upright. Elijah's stinging salutation expressed the Lord Almighty's opinion of a cowardly and two-faced people.

The case was simple and clear as he stated it. If Jehovah was God He should be followed. That logic was so simple that nobody could miss it. Every one who heard the prophet's words already knew this, yet they were all in the same misery as millions since, who clearly see the right—without the moral courage to follow it in the face of unpopularity. This crowd stood as silent as the condemned on the judgment day, the justice of the divine verdict burning their hearts.

The Duel Planned.

There was a pathetic note in Elijah's voice as he cried, "I, even I only, am left a prophet of Jehovah." He knew he stood alone, but he knew also that he stood also as the prophet of God. So he dared propose a conflict that seemed most unequal, so far as human powers were concerned. On the one side was himself and on the other the 450 prophets of Baal, with probably the 400 prophets of the Asherah supporting them.

Each side should take a bullock—for even in famine time they could spare what was most precious for the altar of religion—and it was to be prepared for sacrifice and the altar made completely ready except the fire. Then the test was, "The God that answereth by fire, let Him be God." While the prophets of Baal may have shrunk from the test they could not evade it, except by confessing themselves defeated in the eyes of the people, who had cried out, "It is well spoken."

First Choice for the Majority.

In this unique duel all the advantages were conceded by the lone prophet of Jehovah to his numerous adversaries. They should prepare the first sacrifice and be the first to call upon their god, having all the time they might require. If an answer should come to their prayer, Elijah would have to confess himself defeated, for the people would never wait to put Jehovah to the test.

The scene is described by the inspired writer with wonderful vividness. We see the encircling priests crying aloud, from morning even till noon, "O, Baal, hear us!" As the day wore on they grew more excited, leaping about the altar and gashing themselves with knives, in a frenzy of eagerness. All day long they prayed, while Elijah, standing scornfully by, risked personal violence at the hands of the infuriated priests by daring to mock them, saying: "Cry aloud, for he is a god; either he is musing, or he is gone aside, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awakened." The use of ridicule and scorn on Elijah's part suggests that there are many weapons to be employed in truth's service. Where pleading and exhortation fail, ridicule, scorn or excoriating condemnation may succeed.

The Lone Combatant.

While the priests prayed and danced in impotent hysteria, the flash of the bullock on the dry wood grew colder and colder. Possibly the host of people stood thrilled and expectant through these long hours, when the prophets of Baal cried to their god in vain. Possibly the reaction from the excitement set in, and they showed weariness. But when the hour of the evening oblation drew on apace, Elijah's "Come now unto me" brought them all close and craning with eagerness.

Deliberately the prophet set about his task, evidently intending to teach by symbols as he worked, and many consciences twinged as he prepared an ancient altar of Jehovah which had been overthrown during Jezebel's persecutions. Twelve uncut stones he gathered to symbolize that Jehovah was the God of all Israel. While the people wondered he dug about the simple, primitive altar a deep trench. Then jars of water to the number of twelve—still the symbolism—were thrown over the carcass of the bullock, the wood, the stones, running down and filling the trench. To incredulous he was making it impossible to fulfill his own conditions. Yet the more thoughtful must have seen in this excess of preparation a confidence that boded results.

A Prayer That Brought Fire.

In contrast with the frenzied shoutings and cavortings of Baal's representatives was the prayer of Elijah that followed. It was solemn, stately, dignified, reminding them of the beautiful prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the temple of which they still had record. It was a simple prayer, asking but three things. First, that Jehovah would show himself God in Israel; that He would vindicate His servant and that these people might be turned back again to the true worship. How the vibrant intensity of it rings! "Hear me O Jehovah, hear me, that this people may know that Thou hast turned their hearts back again." It was a vicarious prayer of the sort which the Lord always answers.

When Elijah had ceased praying, and while the people were hushed in expectancy, the fire fell—fell not merely to indicate which sacrifice was accepted, but to consume flesh and wood and water and stones, so that before the awful spectacle the people screamed in an intensity of excitement and fell groveling on their faces, and cried aloud as if to avert a doom. "Jehovah, He is God!"

The duel had done its work, for the moment at least. The people were ready to acknowledge Jehovah as God, and to wreak vengeance on the false prophets. So, after the crude ethics of the time which permitted much that would be intolerable now, the representatives of Baal were taken down to the foot of the mountain and slain, thus teaching Jezebel that God's people cannot be persecuted with impunity.

So obvious is the application of the lesson to our time that I do not make it. The call for a sharply-drawn decision between our present paganism and our historic Christianity; the need of a fearless prophet of righteousness; the cry of the soul-hungry and soul-thirsty nation—all this lies on the surface, for every one's own interpretation.

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Foster Dodges Egg and Continues Talk

Undaunted by the fact that an egg hurled at him missed its aim and struck a woman beside him, William Z. Foster, labor leader, whose trial on the charge of criminal syndicalism ended with a hung jury in St. Joseph, Mich., a few weeks ago, completed his address to students of Columbia university in a cafeteria on the campus, last week.

Foster declared his recent trial was the result of efforts of capital to "put him out of the way."

How to build up your Weight

Increase your Red-Blood-Cells. That's the sure way; S.S.S. builds Blood-Cells; this means strength!

Do you know why insurance companies refuse to insure a great many men because they are under weight? Simply because to be under weight often proves low fighting-power in the body. It often means you are minus nerve-power, minus red-cells in your blood, minus health, minus energy, minus vitality. It is serious to be minus, but the moment you increase the number of your red-blood-cells, you begin to become plus. That's why S. S. S., since 1826, has meant to thousands of underweight men and women, a plus in their strength. Hollow cheeks fill out. You stop being a calamity-looker. You inspire confidence. Your body fills to the point of power, your flesh becomes firmer, the age lines that come from thinness disappear. You look younger, firmer, happier, and you feel it, too, all over your body. More red-blood-cells! S. S. S. will build them. Take S. S. S. It contains only pure vegetable medicinal ingredients. S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores. The large size is more economical.

Only well-developed, healthy men and women enjoy the best in life.

S.S.S. makes you feel like yourself again

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

D. R. Locke's (Nasby's) Newspaper

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Publishers,
Toledo, Ohio.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One year, postage prepaid.....75c

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Toledo, Ohio, under the act of 1918.

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We will not, knowingly, introduce a dishonest advertiser into your TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE and guarantee his honesty any more than you would knowingly introduce a dishonest person to your bank and guarantee his note.

When you answer an advertisement, refer to The Weekly Blade.

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1923

Nearly all of the big wars have started during housecleaning time.

World problems look more formidable than they really are because the world is so big.

To the American Housewives: Sugar's sweet and so are you.

Let us pray, says the Christian. Let us spray, says the fruit grower. Let us bray, says the radical politician.

Mother's worry is that posterity will drop jam on the clean tablecloth.

Lima Beane thinks the king of the House of David may be going around disguised as a ton of hay.

Measured by dollars and cents, Henry Ford is said to be the richest man in the world.

Germany is following the cow's idea of passive resistance. She stands hitched but won't "give down."

Modern improvements can't make a home without the help of old-fashioned love.

A sensible woman is the one who makes a soul mate of her meal ticket.

Men without a college education are always a little clumsy when they try to carry a cane.

Von Tirpitz says he is willing to forgive England. And while he is in the mood he might also forgive the Lusitania for sinking.

Another thing the matter with the world is that nations want to love one another with reservations.

It must make the devil laugh when he sees crimes committed in the name of religious freedom.

Samuel Gompers is a bull when it comes to the Red flag in America. And Samuel can paw up the earth when he feels that way.

It is not strange that jurors cannot agree. Other people don't.

Announcement is made that instead of a deficit of $100,000,000 the federal government will close its books at the end of the fiscal year with a surplus of $60,000,000. Vociferous voice of the political outs. Down with the administration!

It is said the giraffe has no vocal cords. Perhaps that is because nature didn't have any long enough.

This country has quit selling arms an ammunition to the fighting fools, while standing as the world's conspicuous advocate of peace. There is a bit of consistency that deserves to be established as a principle.

When the public isn't howling it is thinking. And when the public is thinking the political demagogue doesn't know which way to jump.

So live that you won't have to fake an alibi.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred locomotives, after hitting an automobile, are able to continue their way.

Think twice before you speak and somebody else will say it. Then you'll know how foolish it sounds.

Some people act as if the Lord ought to sit up until midnight, waiting to forgive them the day's deviltry.

It looks as if the Prince of Wales would rather fall off a horse than get married.

Immigrants should understand that over here we sing "Home, Sweet Home" in the American language.

Human beings chew the rag. A pup likes an old shoe better.

A dog has a conscience but he can't hide it, like a man. The tail gives the dog away when his conscience hurts. One might say it is a telltale.

If the President "feels the pulse of the people" on his western trip LaFollette threatens to follow him and feel their heads.

Why hunt the old Garden of Eden? A little hard work with a spade and hoe will make an Eden of almost any bit of fertile soil.

Life's greatest contentment is closely associated with ambition.

Of the hundred and fifty million people in Russia probably no less than a hundred and twenty-five million are innocent bystanders.

Diseased immigrants are barred from this country. But immigrants with racial hatreds, which are worse than the seven-year itch, are welcomed.

It is beginning to dawn on the country that Senator Lodge doesn't always get what he wants when he goes to the White House.

Man sows in faith except when he sows to the wind, and even then he hopes for a better crop than he can possibly get.

Cost of living is based on the answer to the question: How much does the average man earn?

Free speech, without listeners, would soon lapse into an inarticulate gurgle and die.

Most of the enemies of capital are friends of money.

Turkey passes a law, or issues an edict, probiting a man from having more than one wife. And do the men rave and howl that they have been robbed of their personal liberty? Not a raucous note.

Maybe Lots wife looked back to get another slant at the new hat on the woman she had just passed.

How dull life would be if all the absorbing questions were to reach final settlement.

Arteries of Nations

A writer upon Mexico declares that the country's greatest need is railroads.

A great deal of the west coast is almost entirely cut off from communication with the large centers of population in the high interior. The agriculture of vast tracts remains in a primitive condition because, even though improvements were made, outlets to markets are wanting. Every recent revolutionist has promised the destruction of the feudal system in vogue on the large estates But he cannot carry out his plans however much he may desire to do so. Feudalism goes with isolation and whole districts in the republic are as isolated as if they were islands.

It would be well for Americans to ponder over this Mexican difficulty. Only a few of them recall the day when their own country felt the need of railroad transportation to the same degree. Railroads are taken as a matter of course—the same as water and air, gifts of fate rather than the developments of bold and farsighted men.

Were the railroad transportation reduced by one-half in the United States many parts of the country would have to go back to the earlier conditions. Wheat-raising districts in the far west, for example, would find the cost of getting grain to market prohibitive. Cattle-raising alone would be profitable. A great many farmers would be compelled to adopt the self-sufficing methods of their grandfathers, consuming and producing all their own food, weaving their own textiles and acting as their own craftsmen. Iron deposits requiring an intricately organized transport could not be exploited. Fishermen would be living where now are wharves and steel plants and oil refineries and busy towns.

President Harding has said that our biggest domestic problem of today has to do with bringing the railroad systems into keeping with the national requirements. Mr. LaFollette has called for a meeting of congenial souls to see whether the radicals cannot capture the public imagination with some scheme of bettering transportation through sound and fury.

We all ought to realize that in dealing with the national transportation we have a job calling for both wisdom and delicacy. What avail will it be to design the finest possible relationship between railroads and government, to prepare blueprints of lines reaching every community, if during the discussion the railroad patient dies? That could be brought about easily. Already the railroads are virtually cut off from the sources of new capital.

What the Mexican has never had he can make out to do without and never repine over his ill fortune. What the American has grown used to having and then loses would wreck his country.

Self-Persuasive Sounds

Like helium which is crowding out hydrogen in the balloon trade, a pro-League of Nations campaign at this time is a gas lighter than air and at the same time, perfectly harmless.

The golden age of the League of Nations was in that period when every idea or suggestion or word that came from Paris seemed to be the pass to Paradise. The notables of civilization were mobilized there. It was heresy to doubt that Paris was not also the convention city of the profoundest wisdom. The day the covenant of the League of Nations was made public a sort of religious thrill coursed through the veins of men. The League has never been so great in the many months that followed as it was then.

The covenant, alas, could not stand analysis. Gradually, as it was studied, the world saw the purpose and machinations in it of those same cynical diplomatists who framed the peace of Versailles that was no peace. The League itself, after establishment, proved to be as impotent as its charter. It has dodged all issues which were real issues. It has made the timorous mouse appear gold and rough and aggressive by comparison. Clemenceau, one of its founders, has said the League was worthless.

The American pro-Leaguers represent the remnant of people in this country who not only have the illusions of the time the Paris peacemakers were held in respect, but also have refused to undergo anything that might disillusion them. Theirs not the faith of understanding, but that of intentional blindness. And as they are blind to the League of Nations as it is, so are they to the inevitable failure of their present campaign. Judging their own sound as progress they announce a shifting of public opinion to their cause. There has been no shifting.

On Being Remembered

A reader of "Collier's" sadly noting that this weekly left the affair with Spain out of a discussion of American wars, remarks:

"Us guys who wore the uniform and fought in Cuba and the Philippines, as well as on the high seas, claim to be remembered at least once in five years—all of us. Many of us fellows are still on earth, and I hope that those who fell in that war will live in the memory of the people of the United States along with those who fought in other wars."

The distressing thing about the clash with Spain and the little Filipino brethren, from the view-point of anyone desiring to be remembered, was that it was fought swiftly, fought decisively, and the trumpet call to "cease firing" was almost coincident with the command to charge. Every battle was an American victory. The folks at home did not have to suffer from suspense. The boys who got to the front came away unsatiated. They were keyed up for endurance contests which turned out to be one-round fights. It has been said that for numbers engaged and the casualties registered, the Spanish war was the deadliest of our history. But it will never get any credit for it.

Two incidents of 1898-99 stand out prominently in the minds of certain ex-soldiers—one a biting disappointment, the other a pleasure too profound to measure. An American command was getting within touch of the enemy in Porto Rico and was on the point of going into action. A messenger rode up at that moment and stopped the war. The other incident had to do with wagon escorts in the islands. The orders were not to fire back on ambushers. Filipino sharpshooters took their time and, for all their wants of marksmanship, picked off two or three men of every expedition. One morning, headquarters failed to give the usual warnings. The sequel was sudden stimulation in the business of the native undertakers.

You cannot build up war traditions out of unspectacular material. You cannot expect a people to keep bright the memory of a struggle closing with investigations of "typhoid camps" and "embalmed beef" and complicated by the wailings of "anti-imperialists." The soldiers and sailors did the best they could, and what they did do was amazing. But they didn't perish in windrows, and that has worked against them in the after years.

"Federal Aid"

In seeking to have the Sheppard-Towner materity benefit act declared unconstitutional, the state of Massachusetts brings up armies and legions of agruments against the principle of "federal aid" legislaion.

"Federal aid" has such an attractive sound about it that few states have always had the firmness of will to resist it. It is an enticement to do something congress wants you to do because you should do it, Uncle Sam will dip into his pocket and pay a share of the expenses. See what the states save! But what is lost sight of is that the people have first supplied the money which Uncle Sam doles back to them as contributions from an overflowing heart.

Three-fourths of the internal taxes of the country comes from ten industrial states. In their case they are assessed for "federal aid" far more than they can get back, assuming that the aid is divided evenly among the states. The poorer states glean all the advantages of "federal aid." For them it is like dropping a nickel into the slot and taking out fifty cents. Only one flaw exists. It is finding the five cents with which to get fifty cents worth of value for which there really may be no burning desire.

Sooner or later the principle of "federal aid" was bound to get a mauling in the presence of the justices of the supreme court of the United States. When it comes to local purposes certain states want the use of all their own money thereto applied as well as the authority having to do with the expenditures. Further, if bureaus are going to be set up, it is a feeble state which doesn't yearn to have something to say about the appointments. Under "federal aid" legislation Washington collects the money from the states, names the bureaucrats, establishes the scale of salaries and returns the money in such sums as Washington, not any state, decides.

What can be done about it? One may wonder if anything can be. Surely if the federal government can levy taxes in a desert state for harbor improvements in a seaboard state or take the money from an industrial community to apply to the study of salmon spawning in a section far away, this same general government can carry out the provisions of a law which Massachusetts must help to pay for whether it accepts "federal aid" or rejects it.

A New Life for Zion

The ambitious plans for irrigating the valley of the Jordan are evidences that Palestine has not simply entered upon a new political career, but also into a new economic life.

The course of the Jordan from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead sea is scarce seventy-five miles long. It is flanked by semi-arid hills. For all its unparalleled historical associations it is but a small stream—such a stream as would meet the demands of a nomad population, herdsmen and scattered agriculturists, and no more. When Abraham and Lot came into Canaan out of Egypt, "the land was not able to bear them that they might dwell together, for their substance was great." So they made choice of locations, Lot taking the plains of Jordan and Abraham the hill pastures of Hebron.

A theory exists that Palestine has suffered a decrease in rainfall since Biblical times. But there is reason to believe that the valley of the Jordan is climatically the same now that it was in the day of Abraham and Lot. Its inhabitants have never had an abundance of life-giving water. They have lived through the centuries under the menace of the desert.

Modern engineering can bring such vitality into the land as to make one "flowing with milk and honey," ending the wanderings of the nomads, bringing a close to the struggles of the half-starved farmers, justifying perhaps the dream of Zionism even to its bitterest enemies.

Money has wings, but it is not a homing pigeon.

NEW SONG OF THE SHIRT

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Aristocrats Work for 3 Cents a Day

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER

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"With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,—
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!"

THOMAS HOOD'S "Song of the Shirt" fits closely into the Germany of today. The fall of the mark has ruined the middle and upper classes and hundreds of thousands of women, who formerly were rich or well-to-do, are now destitute and looking for work. Some go out to service at pitiful wages, some take in sewing, some are scrub women in the public buildings, some even walk the streets as sandwich advertisements of the vaudeville theaters, and others hide their poverty by working secretly in homes where they were once society queens. These reduced gentlewomen are legion, and some starve rather than let their wants be known. A baroness who died the other day, upon being prepared for burial, was found to be wearing paper underclothing, and the situations of others are so desperate that many of the charitable organizations are trying to relieve them. One movement, started in Berlin in a small way, is now spreading through all parts of the German capital and even going out to other cities and towns. This is the establishing of a home industry that such women can carry on outside the factories and stores. It might easily be called a sweat-shop industry, in which the workers are aristocrats. The articles made will go to the wholesale and retail stores, and in some cases to factories. They are prepared according to order, and at prices much below those in the regular trade.

In the Kaiser's Palace.

The headquarters of this new movement is the palace of the Kaiser. The gorgeous home in which he strutted about, often changing his uniform a half dozen times a day, is now given up to public offices and shown also as a museum. One of the offices is that of the German Housewives league which has to do with supplying this work to reduced gentlewomen. The director of the new industry is Miss Pawel Ramingen, a society lady of great organizing and executive ability. When I called upon her she was surrounded by goods of all kinds, made by the ex-aristocrats, and, as we looked over them, well-dressed but woe-begone ladies, young and old, came in bringing the work they had done and carrying away the material and orders for other work to do. During my stay I looked over the stock in trade and made some purchases to take home as presents. These things are exquisitely done and the amount of labor upon them in comparison with the prices charged is pitiful. I bought two lace doilies, made by hand with fine linen thread. Each was twice as large as a dinner plate and as delicate as a cobweb. The price was not quite 50 cents, and the woman who did the work received 30 cents each. Miss Ramingen told me that it takes at least 10 days to make a doily and as I look at mine I am sure this is an underestimate. I have had one photographed, pinning it on the back of the black dress of my typist, to show my friends what it is like. It measures 14 inches in diameter and is so gossamer-like that it might almost be called a muscum piece. I am ashamed to own it when I think that the woman who made it could not have earned more than 10 cents a day.

Baby Shoes at Two Cents.

The ladies were anxious to sell, and I bought a number of other articles of various kinds. I bought six pairs of baby shoes for my little grandson, aged four months, at a price that could not have netted the maker more than two cents a pair. They were of white wool, trimmed with blue, and were crocheted by hand. I bought for my little granddaughter, who was born in Paris just five months ago, a beautiful sheet of fine netting to spread over her cradle. This article lies before me as I write. It is four feet in width by five feet in length. It is edged with silk thread and decorated with great lilies of white silk embroidery running four inches deep around the edges. The work is all by hand, and I am told that the woman put two weeks' continuous labor upon it. Nevertheless it cost me just 80 cents, and half of this must have been included in the material. There is also some sentiment connected with this quilt. It is the work of a Baltic countess who has a great estate in Latvia, where she lived in luxury until the new government of that republic confiscated her property and gave the most of it over to the peasants. They left her 100 acres, but if she sold that today it would be for Latvian money, which is worth no more than the currency here in Berlin.

When the countess came to Germany she had considerable money but she invested it in German bonds which she thought as good as gold. All this has vanished with the fall of the mark. At her home, not far from Riga, she had a large country house and her entertainments were famous. Today she lives in a little furnished room in the heart of the city and thanks God when the sun shines so that she can save on the light by which she does this exquisite work. Think of trying to sew at the rate of 40 cents a week, one-half of which must go for the materials in which you are working, and you have the condition of this titled lady who made the quilt for my baby granddaughter.

Among the other things shown me at this store, inside the gorgeous palace of the kaiser, were some ladies' handkerchiefs of fine cambric, about as big as a sheet of notepaper, roll-hemmed with thread of different colors. I bought 30 at a cost of less than one dollar, and I venture each has at least 1,000 stiches in its beautiful border. The price I paid was about three cents apiece and I feel guilty and mean as I look at them. Nevertheless, I paid twice what the woman asked when she spread them before me and she was delighted. I doubt if any woman who is reading this could do the work on one of these three-cent handkerchiefs in the space of six hours. Still the prices are such that the labor cost could not have been more than one cent.

Baronesses Making Sweaters.

I cannot speak of all the beautiful things made by these reduced gentlewomen and of their ridiculous prices, but I must say a word concerning the chief business which just now, is the knitting of sweaters. Thousands of ladies' sweaters are being turned out for the department stores and wholesale dealers of the German capital. The sweaters are of the finest wool or silk or mercerized cotton. They are long, full-sleeved and of a fashionable cut. It takes a fast worker at least three days to make one, and the price she receives in marks at the current rate of exchange is only 10 cents. Imagine the most refined and best educated old lady you know, who has spent her life in luxury and perhaps been a society leader, working three days for a dime and you have one phase of this home industry.

The sweaters are sold at the department stores at high prices. One can buy them there or he can purchase the wool or silk and have them knit to measure at the cost of the labor. I have a friend who has just ordered two which reach from her neck to her hips, embracing her capacious 46 bust. She is to pay less than 75 cents apiece and she will have them eight days from now. Suppose you buy some wool and a pair of knitting needles, and make yourself a garment of a similar kind. It will not compare in beauty with the work of these ladies, but it will show you how much each of them does for two nickels.

Moreover, the work must be done by experts and the unskilled have to be trained before they can make anything worth selling. The Housewives' League has skilled teachers, some of whom come from the wholesale and retail firms which give the orders, and the applicants have to learn just how to make the garments so that they will sell. The amateur often has to pull out her knitting many times before her labor is salable. There is one expert lady who, by working half the night, is able to turn out a sweater in two days, but the gas light cuts down her profits.

As to hemstitching, the pay for a handkerchief with six rows about the edges is two cents, and only those who have good eyes that do that work at all. I have four lace-trimmed handkerchiefs, the tag upon which states that the woman who made them worked 96 hours. The selling price of the four was less than two dollars.

Of course the women cannot live on such wages. They barely exist and I am told that now and then one dies on the job. This recalls another verse of the "Song of the Shirt"—

"O men with sisters wear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,—
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!"

Aristocratic Stitchers.

I asked Miss Pawel Ramingen to tell me something of her principal workers. They belong to all classes of the former well-to-do and even of the rich. Some are the wives of high government officials of the old regime. The husbands of others are officers who have had nothing to do since the trade of killing men has been given up for the time, and many are widows living upon pensions which the fall of the mark has so reduced that they yield practically nothing. There are 500 ladies who call every day for work of this kind and more than 2,000 who come in every now and then to get something on which they can labor as their home duties permit. Eight well-known charitable ladies are now handling the store in the palace, and branches are being organized in different sections of the city in order that the women may save carfare by getting the work near their homes.

The institution is now being assisted by the municipality but it will soon be on a self-paying basis. The demand for work is rapidly increasing, and eventually tens of thousands of these former aristocrats will be so employed. As prices rise and times get better, it is hoped that the labor will receive increased pay, but the situation of Germany is such and the poor are so many, that it will be a generation or more before the need of something to do disappears.

A Baroness From Silesia.

While I was in the league rooms a fine-looking lady, wearing a long fur coat, entered bringing some hand-painted china which she had made. She wanted to know if such work would sell and whether the league could handle it for her. She was told that they had no connections for such manufactures as yet, but that they could give her home-knitting, stitching, or crocheting. When the woman left she took with her several handkerchiefs which she expected to hemstitch for three cents apiece and of which a skilled worker can finish two or three in a day. She was told she could be instructed in other work without charge, if she would go to school for a week. The poor woman replied that her home was in Silesia, a half day's ride from Berlin, and that she would wait. After her departure Miss Pawel Ramingen showed me her name, which she had penned on the record. It was that of a well-known baroness.

There was some delay in getting the goods I have described. Several articles were on order and all of my purchasers were brought at one time by a lady of the league to me at my hotel. In paying for them I added some thousands of marks, telling her to buy a box of candy with it on her way out. She was greatly delighted and shook my hand over and over again. She said she would not use it for candy, but it would go to buy some cigars for her husband who is a government official with a salary so low that he can afford to smoke only on Sundays. The 5,000 marks on that day were worth less than 12 cents.

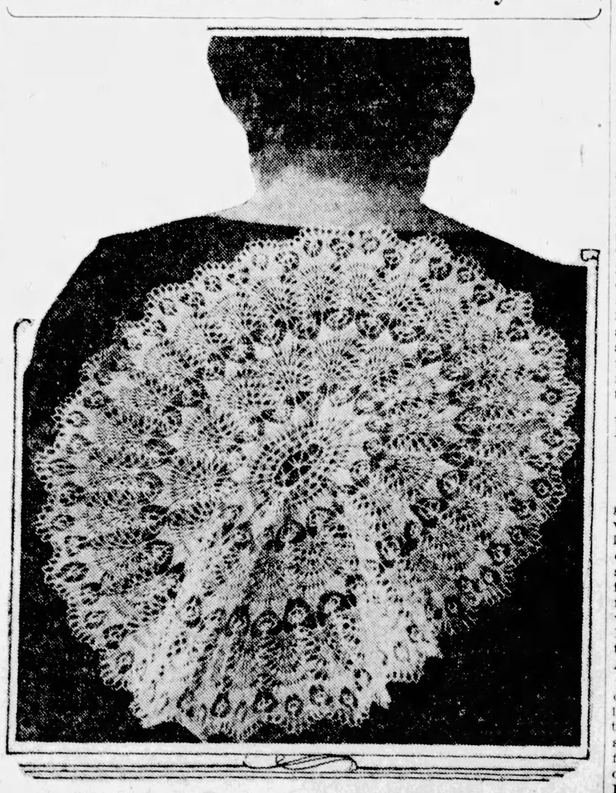
Another lady of the league who called at my rooms had a brooch and buckle of hammered brass which she had made. I paid her one dollar for them and you cannot imagine the feeling that this seemingly extraordinary price created in her. Her eyes filled with tears and she kissed my hand and thanked me again and again.

Shirts at Three for a Dime.

Along this same line is an experience I have had with a beautiful sewing woman who has made me a half-dozen silk shirts. I bought the silk, and she came to the hotel to get my order. She speaks English, is well educated, is about 30 years of age, and has a husband. She took my measure and I gave her an old shirt as a copy. I then asked her the price, and the figure, translated into American money, just equaled three cents. Upon my saying that this was too little she replied that Wetheim, who might be called the John Wanamaker of Berlin, having the largest and most aristocratic department store here, paid his women workers six cents a shirt but she would not think of charging so much. I next asked her how long it would take her to make a shirt, and she thought she could do one in a day. She almost fell over when I told her that I would pay at least twice the price of the department store and give her a present at the end of the job. When the shirts were delivered they were beautifully made. I paid her an amount which equaled about 25 cents a shirt and she went away joyful.

Before leaving, however, she confided to me that she had had much trouble regarding the button-holes. She had given this work out to a specialist, a woman who sews buttonholes only, and this woman had charged her 40 marks per buttonhole, which she said was "ungeheur teuer." I figured the rate out at the exchange of the day and found it was just one-tenth of a cent, or one-half the widow's mite of the Bible. There were 10 buttonholes in each shirt, and that woman made all for one cent. Take a piece of silk and work a buttonhole without the aid of any machine, using needle and thread, and find out if the charge was too much.

Women Receive Small Pay



—Copyright Carpenter's World Travels.

A GERMAN baroness, reduced to poverty by the fall of the mark, made this lace doily after 10 days of hard work for which she got 30 cents. It was sold at retail for less than half a dollar.

Russians Anticipate Break With Britain

An emphatic note from the British government handed to Mixim Litvinoff, soviet assistant foreign minister, alleging propaganda and other violations of the Anglo-Russian trade agreement and demanding assurances of unconditional fulfillment of specified requirements, within 10 days, is considered by Russian officials as definitely intended to bring about a break in Anglo-Russian relations.

"His majesty's government has no desire or intention to enter into prolonged or possibly acrimonious controversy on these subjects," the note says in insisting on unconditional fulfillment within 10 days. Even the opinion among the members of the British mission seems to be that the Russians will have to back down farther than at any time in soviet history if they concede to Lord Curzon's demand

ABE MARTIN

Pinky Kerr who wasn't worth his keep before the war now pulls down $5 per day.

These girls that are dancin' two or three days without stoppin' had better save ther steps till they settle down an' try t' make a mince pie without a kitchen cabinet.

Rippling Rhymes

BY WALT MASON

IT often happens as I drive along the turnpike wide, that I have punctures four or five, and blowouts on the side. And then I don a long tan coat and grab a bunch of tools, and toil around my stranded boat, while sweat collects in pools. It is a grievous thing and dire to see a fat old boob attempting to inflate a tire that has a leaky tube. But when I've spent an hour in toil, and ruined both my thumbs, and sprayed myself with rancid oil, the helper always comes. "Oh, gaffer, you are old and fat," the smiling helper cries; "go sit a while upon your hat and rest and swat the flies; and I will fix your busted tires, for I am full of vim, with tendons tough as copper wires, and pep in every limb." Whenever I am in distress the helper's always there; "You need some aid," he says, "I guess, the way you weep and swear. So tell me what a gent may do to help you in your plight, and I will break a leg or two to set the matter right." I've never yet been in a hole that helpers weren't nigh; and one would offer me his roll, and one would bring a pie. Yet pessimists would have us think that man's a selfish scamp; that none of us would hand a drink of water to a tramp.

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JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Life's Reward

I have run it over,
I have run it through,
I have trod the clover
Under skies of blue;
I have heard the thunder,
Seen the lightning flash,
Seen my hopes go under,
Heard my castles crash;
But from every sorrow
And from every pain,
Always some tomorrow
Smiled on me again.

Bitter days and lonely
I have had to face,
Days when anguish only
Seemed to rule the place;
But the storms abated,
And I rose to see
Orchards blossom-freighted,
Birds in every tree,
Sunbeams dancing round me,
Joy beside my door,
And the care which bound me
Fretted me no more.

I have run it over,
All that life has meant,
I have played the rover,
Dreaming as I went;
Laughed and loved and neighbored,
Wept and suffered pain,
With the throng I've labored,
With them shared the rain;
But for all the trouble,
And for every tear,
Life has paid me double
In fellowship and cheer.

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NEW DINOSAUR FOUND IN ASIA BY AMERICANS

Carnivorous Beast of Long Ago Had Legs Nine Feet in Length.

Roy Chapman Andrews of the American Museum of Natural History reports that the expedition in Mongolia under his leadership has unearthed a remarkable carnivorous dinosaur with legs nine feet long.

The whole skeleton had lain undisturbed except for the weather for at least 4,000,000 years, it is believed.

The fossil deposits at Ehrlien are even better than was expected, Mr. Andrews said.

The members of the American Museum's expedition are camping at Ehrlien with only two weeks' supplies. The train of 61 camels carrying food and gasoline did not meet the party on schedule. Mr. Andrews, who returned to Peking for equipment late in arriving from America, fears the camels have been stolen and driven off by bandits who have been exceptionally active north of Kalgan recently.

The legs of a carnivorous dinosaur are usually much shorter than those of a herbivorous or vegetarian dinosaur but the carnivorous monster found in Mongolia apparently approached in size the enormous herbivorous brontosauri, some of which in American Museum have legs 10 feet in length. The brontosaurus and allied genera of dinosaurs often attained a length from head to tip of tail of 50 to 90 feet and a weight of 20 to 40 tons.

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Moslem Women Heed Anti-Veil Teachings

Communistic party workers say they at last are having some effect in their campaign to modernize the Moslem women of the Near East.

It took hundreds of Communist "missionaries" nearly two years in some localities to persuade the women to remove their veils and participate in politics. Now, in Adjerbijan alone, however, more than 22,000 women have been organized in industrial activity, while workshops for feminine Mohammedans, where they are taught that the role of woman is far different from that of the usual Moslem conception, have been established by hundreds in Turkestan, Bokhara and elsewhere.

VARIETIES

The original chrysanthemum grew wild in Japan.

The painted turtle makes a shrill piping as a love song.

California has more than 1,500 miles of concrete road.

Electric irons are used to remove old paper from the wall.

The Swedish cantons hold their elections in the open air.

Only one Alaskan Indian that can carve totem poles is living.

New theaters have signal lights that indicate vacant seats.

Black rust is a form of fungus closely resembling bread mold.

Approximately 16 per cent of our lumber goes into crates and boxes.

The rocket was invented by Sir William Rocket Congrove in 1860.

American one-cent pieces were first coined and circulated in 1793.

The dollar is a companion of the German silver pieces called thaler.

The knitting of lace is a German invention of about the 16th century.

Magnifying glasses were first made in England by Roger Brown in 1260.

The number of species of insects in the world probably exceeds 3,000,000.

Ancient Egyptians, at the death of cats, embalmed them and put them in expensive tombs.

Of the inhabitants of Mexico less than one in three, on the average, is able to read and write.

The first instrument known to measure time was a clepsydra, operated by escaping water.

Only about 1 per cent of the light produced in the motion picture projector actually reaches the screen.

Figures in arithmetic were introduced into Europe from Arabia in 991—until then letters were used.

There are about 20,000 professional chemists in the United States, and about 1,000 of these are women.

About 43 per cent of traffic accidents occur at night, although there is less traffic at night than in the day time.

Of the 40 to 60 species of grapes found in the world, more than half are natives of the North American continent.

The blue laws got their title from the fact that reform laws of Connecticut were printed on blue paper, about 1760.

Miscellaneous electrical equipment left by the armies in northern France is put in use by the returning citizens.

Airplanes are used to frighten wild ducks and geese and keep them from destroying the rice fields of parts of California.

Although ether had been discovered in the 13th century, its value as an anaesthetic was not definitely recognized until 1846.

There is a natural barometer in Cuba, India and some other countries, which is a plant that forecasts storms and earthquakes.

In the deserts of Mongolia there still exist herds of wild horses, which are supposed to be like those of thousands of years ago.

According to reports of the minister of labor, only 17,000 of the 250,000 badly crippled German war veterans are unemployed.

A retired second lieutenant of the German army receives a monthly pension of 23,200 marks. A full general receives 186,450 marks.

The United States may now have a muffler which will nearly eliminate the noises in aircraft and automobile engines with no resultant loss of power.

As a rule, large animals live longest. The life of an elephant is 14 times that of a rabbit, while that of a goose is eight to 10 times that of a sparrow.

Airplanes flying in mountainous countries have on more than one occasion been attacked by eagles, who mistook the strange machine for a rival bird.

The 16th regiment of New York, one of the oldest regiments in the country, was organized in 1794, and was part of George Washington's first regular army.

Redheads, blue-winged teals, green-winged teals, Canada geese and different varieties of brant can fly from 68 to 98 miles an hour, but usually fly more slowly.

Fishes in the Sea of Galilee are in the habit of going about in shoals of more than an acre in extent and so closely packed that it is impossible for them to move freely.

Young diamond back terrapin fed regularly and kept warm in a hot house produce eggs one year earlier than those of the same age which are permitted to hibernate.

If one pound of hydrogen, which could be bought for one cent could be turned into helium, it would give enough energy to heat a house of seven rooms for 1,000 years.

After counting all the hairs on the heads of the women students, two professors of the University of Munich found the average to be from 60,000 to 70,000 hairs a head.

A rich quicksilver vein, said to extend more than seven miles on the surface and to vary from two to six feet in width has been discovered in the upper Goto archipelago of Japan.

Originally a native of North America, and a member of the pheasant family, the turkey was so called from the mistaken idea that this bird came from the country of that name.

Bronze thimbles, open at the top like those used by tailors, have been found among the ruins of Herculaneum, which was destroyed with Pompeii during the eruption of Vesuvius in A. D. 79.

It is a singular fact that, although sheep seem to feed on yew trees with impunity, and its berries are greedily consumd by birds, to both cows and horses the leaves are reputed to be a deadly poison.

Napoleon was urged to make use of a boat with sails like those of a windmill to travel against the wind as means of surprising the British. Such a boat has recently been successfully developed in France.

Long-legged birds have short tails. A bird's tail serves as a rudder during flight. When birds are provided with long legs, these are stretched directly behind when the bird is flying, and so act as a rudder.

Although the Eskimo tribes stretch from Greenland to Siberia their language is so similar that a native of Greenland would not have much difficulty in understanding a Siberian Eskimo after a few weeks.

The skeleton of one of the cliff dwellers, not a single bone of which has been moved from the position in which it was placed more than 500 years ago, is now on exhibit in the Mesa Verde national park, in Colorado.

HOUSEHOLD and CHILDREN

THE HOPE CHEST

BY MARTHA HOLDEN

It was Sunday morning and the unrelenting downpour of rain beating on the attic window of the big house in the town's most beautiful residence street muffled the sound of the church bells by the time it reached the ears of the lone occupant of the attic. The new spring foliage of the great shade trees outside were dripping. Altogether it was a good day to stay in the house. At least the person in the attic thought so or she would not have been up there.

In the dim light near the window, Louise Winthrop, dainty and demure, sat on the floor before an open cedar chest crammed with soft silken lingerie, table linen, silverware and other appurtenances of housekeeping that so many girls accumulate in anticipation of the day when they hope to have homes of their own. It was Louise's hope chest. She had received it as a present from her mother on her 14th birthday, and for ten years she had been contributing to its contents until now the cover could be closed only with difficulty.

Louise was 24, dark complexioned, with a saucy little nose and snapping black eyes. Yes, of course she was pretty, so pretty that the gossips of the small town could not understand why she couldn't find a husband, but those gossips didn't worry Louise. If they had she would not have taken the rainy Sunday as an excuse to remain home, for she was a regular attendant at church.

Louise liked nothing better than to rummage around in the attic when the weather outside was bad. She enjoyed fondling the playthings of her girlhood days and examining the contents of the chest again and again.

Just six years before Tom had bidden her goodbye for the last time. This country had been at war with Germany only one month when Tom enlisted. Louise, then only 18, was in love with this fair-haired son of an Irish lawyer. One evening as they sat in the porch swing Tom asked her to marry him and she had agreed to wait until he made good as a civil engineer.

Then came the war to interrupt his career. It was a sorrowful but proud Louise who kissed the stalwart soldier goodbye at the station where the troop train waited. Tom went to camp to make himself fit to fight for his flag, and Louise went to work as a stenographer to make money to buy more articles for the hope chest. Daily letters were exchanged between camp and home town.

When the first olive drab heroes left for overseas Tom was among them. Those were anxious days for Louise. Letters were few and far between. But the girl, as brave as the boy, smiled as she plodded back and forth to work every day. She was keeping the home fires burning for her beloved Tom. Then one day the thunderbolt descended. It was a brief message from the war department telling her that Tom had fallen in battle.

From then on Louise was a changed girl. Her hopes were shattered, her ambition was blasted, her plans and her dreams were wrecked. From the cheerful, smiling maid, seemingly without a care, she became a sad, downcast woman. War —grim war—had come closer to her than to many others. It had ruined everything for her, she thought. Gone were her plans for a home, gone was the anticipation of a happy life with Tom.

Finally the last shot was fired, the Germans give up and the home town boys began to drift in from camps and foreign countries to doff their uniforms and their medals and return to the humdrum routine of civil life. Then Louise suffered the worst. Her Tom was not there to receive the admiring glances from his friends. His body lay in a grave far away in a strange land.

Tom's chum, Fred, had returned home with the rest. He brought to Louise a few mementoes that Tom had pressed into his hand before answering the last call. Fred became a casual visitor in Louise's home. The two would sit and talk of their dear friend. Their mutual friendship for the hero was the binding link between them. Neither thought anything of love or marriage then.

But habits grow stronger. Fred began to see Louise frequently. They went to church, to picnics, to parties and to dances together. They were young. To Louise, sitting there before her hope chest, came thoughts of what had happened the evening before. Fred had escorted her home from a moving picture show. As she bade him goodbye he took her hand and said, "Louise, I love you. I want to marry you more than I ever wanted anything in my whole life. Will you?"

Louise had thought then of Tom. Would he care? Up there where he was now he would know. Would he want her to marry Fred, his best friend?

Fred, knowing instinctively of what she was thinking, had murmured softly, "Louise, he wouldn't care. I know he wouldn't. He was my best friend and if I thought he would care I wouldn't ask you, no matter how much I loved you. Just think it over, Louise, and let me know what you've decided."

So Louise had much to think about up in that grim, dusty attic. She had always admired Fred, but she had loved Tom. Fred was nice. If she had never known Tom she probably would have loved Fred, she thought. The question was whether she would be false to Tom if she married Fred. Would Tom approve? As she fingered the contents of the hope chest she decided that Fred would have to wait. She would have to think it over a long time. Then her hands came in contact with a glistening fruit dish and she remembered when she had purchased it and placed it in the chest so that when she went to Tom they would have something else for their home. Tears came to her eyes as her fingers fondled a package of letters, tied with a faded bit of blue ribbon. They were Tom's letters, most of them written in a dugout by the light of a flickering candle flame.

She extracted one letter at random from the package and opened it. Tom's familiar handwriting took her back to the old days. He seemed real now. No, she couldn't marry Fred. He could never take Tom's place. He was Fred, but he couldn't be Tom. She would go on until she died an old maid. Tom would prefer it. She couldn't have Tom so she would have nobody.

Then she began to read the letter. On the second page, between some humorous allusions to army life, she read the following:

"Sweetheart of mine, if I should get bumped off, and I may at any time, I don't want you to forget me entirely, but neither do I want you to go through life alone. You were made to make someone a devoted wife, Louise. If I can't have you I want you to be happy. If a man ever comes into your life who you think will make you happy, marry him, Louise, for me."

Louise arose from the floor. She had forgotten long ago the words Tom had written. Then it had seemed that he would come back. But now that she had accidentally read them again she thought it was fate that brought them to her attention at such a time.

She went to the door and called downstairs to her mother, who was busy preparing dinner below, for Fred was to be a guest today. "Mother, when Fred comes in, tell him to come to the attic a minute."

"Why do you want him up there in that dirty old hole, Louise?"

"It will be only for a minute, mother, and he can stand the dirt. Besides I want to show him something I found in my hope chest."

Helpful Hints for Hustling Housewives

A dustless duster may be made by wringing out a square of cheesecloth in kerosene. Dry, and repeat process several times.

Dried apples or apple sauce may be improved by adding the vinegar that has been drained off sweet peach or pear pickle.

If a cake recipe calls for raisins and you have none, blackberry preserves or canned cherries that have been seeded may be used.

Tar or engine grease may be removed from cloth by rubbing spots thoroughly with lard, before washing. Wash in luke-warm water.

To make peanut butter creamy and easy to spread for sandwiches, add an equal amount of boiling water and work well into the butter.

Small scraps of mashed potato make attractive garnishes for chops. Drop them by spoonfuls on a greased pan and bake a delicate brown.

The more sugar in a cake the lower the temperature for baking should be.

When stuffing tomatoes try substituting finely chopped nuts for the ground meat.

Curried meat should be served in a border of boiled rice and eaten with fresh bananas.

Add to drawn butter sauce one cooked chicken liver which has been put through a sieve.

When you have a shank, breast or neck of lamb, a good way to serve it is as a rolled roast.

To mark dishes when loaning them, put your initials on adhesive tape and fasten on bottom of dish.

When putting cooked currants in cookies, add them to the butter, sugar and egg mixture before the flour is added.

Mixing With Martha

Day's Menu.

BREAKFAST
Oranges
Cereal
Coffee Dropped Eggs
Toast

LUNCHEON
Kidney Bean Soup
Crackers
Tea Gingerbread
Baked Apples

DINNER
Veal Cutlet with Rice Border
Green Peas
Cold Slaw
Coffee Fig-Apple Tarts

Cauliflower Salad

Stand a firm white cauliflower in salt water for half an hour, then cook it in boiling water until tender, but not quite done. Drain, cool, cut into sprigs and arrange these neatly in a salad bowl lined with tender leaves. Mash the yolks of four hard boiled eggs and cut the whites into petals, arrange these like daisies over the cauliflower and pour over a plain French dressing. Serve very cold.

Chop Suey

One-half pound fresh pork, one cup celery, shredded, one cup onion sliced, one-half pound rice, one tabelspoonful sugar, three tablespoonfuls Oriental Shou-yon. Cook the rice first. Slice the lean meat into thin small cubes and fry in a well-greased pan till nearly done. Add the vegetables, one cup water, or meat stock (taken from boiling the bones), a pinch of salt, sugar and shou-you to suit taste. Thicken slightly with flour and cook a few minutes, keeping the vegetables half done. This is enough for three persons. Serve it with hot, dry cooked rice. Chicken, veal or beef may be used instead of pork if desired.

Tuna Fish Salad

Flake one can of tuna fish with a silver fork and mix with it one and one-half cups of diced celery and a few broken English walnut meats. Stir in enough boiled dressing or mayonnaise dressing to moisten well and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Wholewheat Muffins

Put into a bowl one-eighth cup of granulated sugar, one unbeaten egg yolk and one cup of sweet milk; beat well, then add one-half cup of white bread flour mixed and sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Also add one cup of wholewheat flour, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and one egg-white stiffly whipped. Mix well and turn into muffin pans. Bake 25 minutes in a hot oven. This recipe makes eight large muffins.

Breaded Breast of Lamb.

Have lamb cut in pieces about three inches long. Simmer in hot water to which has been added one teaspoonful of lemon juice or vinegar, but no salt. Salt may be added near end of cooking. (The meat is much more tender in this way). Reduce broth to one cup for one breast. Cook over night (all day will do as well), and remove the hardened fat. Bread the cooled, cooked pieces of lamb, first dipping them in whites of egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry till brown in hot fat. Thicken the broth with flour and the yolk of one egg, and season with a dish of nutmeg and pepper.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Pray hardest when it is hardest to pray. —Bishop Brent.

A HIKE THAT THRILLS

I invite all the cousins to meet me at Watkins, N. Y., at the head of Seneca Lake, 20 miles from Elmira, to take a hike. I want you to accompany me on a 2½-mile hike through Watkins Glen, a marvelous rift in the mountain which seems to have been made by some great earthquake. The Glen, with its dashing, flashing, cascading stream, is a really wonderful natural curiosity. At every turn there is material for a picture.

Now just stop a moment and look skyward. What a sight bursts forth! Towering irregular cliffs of dark rock rise one above the other until they appear to meet in the clouds. The first cascade we see on our hike is Minnehaha. The water is broken several times in its fall, being dashed into foam and spray which forms a brilliant contrast to the dark rocky surroundings. Next we come to Fairy cascade which, with one graceful bound, leaps into Neptune's pool. The next is Cavern gorge, and just beyond is Cavern cascade, which leaps 60 feet in a single column from the rocks above into what is known as the Grotto. As we emerge from the Grotto, a dark, damp cavern, we see before us silvery cascades, quiet pools and moss-garnished walls over-arched by stately forest trees and thick shrubbery. Far above through the branches can be seen the iron bridge which spans the Glen.

The path appears impassable, but as you advance it opens before you and makes the ascent more interesting than if you could mark your course. Here is a hotel located on a natural rock shelf 100 feet above the stream. After eating dinner we hike around the bend a few rods and come to Hope's art gallery, built by Captain Hope and containing a collection of his finest and most celebrated paintings. From here we go to Sylvan gorge, one of the wildest and most beautiful portions of the Glen, for many little rapids and cascades leap into the gorge here.

In Glen cathedral, which is next, words are inadequate to convey to the mind an idea of its superb grandeur. The walls tower 300 feet in the air and are richly tapestried with lofty pines and evergreens. The floor is smooth rock and the vaulted arch of the sky forms the dome. In the upper end the Central cascade forms the choir as it dashes from rock to rock, singing a continual hymn of praise to the One who created this mighty temple. Far above this cascade is Pulpit rock.

Further on we see a brook that leaps over the brow of a cliff 400 feet down into the Glen. The water dos not descend in a sheet but in myriads of tiny threads and drops which form a sparkling crystal veil. The space between the falls and the cliff is narrow, but you can pass single file. It is called Rainbow Falls, for in the afternoon when the sun shines into the gorge you can look through the veil and behold two rainbows, a sight that is never forgotten.

I would like to describe the rest but space will not allow it, so we will climb up the bridge onto the track and hike down to the depot, from where we will go to our many homes, declaring we have seen something more beautiful than the Niagara if not quite so stupendous. —Vermont Greenhorn.

FLAPPER'S GOOD POINTS

Spinner in the Sun wants the opinion of the cousins on flappers and says it means a lot to her. If we always could have the problems that mean so much to us answered with truth and wisdom it would mean life more abundant. I will give my opinion, but it is only mine, and so you must overlook the narrowness and bigotry.

I believe the flapper has some good points. Slang and smoking are not the practice of a cultured race. So-called society today is far from being cultured in the true sense of the word. For a girl of 21 to bob her hair and wear short skirts looks as if she were trying to "rob the cradle" of its style and sweetness, and is very repulsive to me. When a girl becomes a woman she should be womanly, not old. Girls from 12 to 18, the flapper style, have an air of pep and independence and are as care-free as school girls should be. We all love their pep and cheer and the style helps to give them this.

You know Shakespeare said, "There is nothing good or bad, but thinking makes it so." Didn't you ever see a girls' basketball team where the girls all wore bloomers and no one thought anything about it? But everyone would have thought something if the girls had worn wide, long skirts and someone had stepped on the skirt and the girl had taken an unsightly spill. Give me the girl with the pep and cheer who can show it in a sweet wholesome way.

Why doesn't the other girl show the flapper that she can be more attractive. Boys are not blind, but they are bashful and the flapper is easier to get acquainted with. Boys may assume boldness, but it is not natural. I take Victor Hugo for my authority. He said, "The first symptom of true love in a young man is timidity, in a girl it is boldness. The two sexes have a tendency to approach, and each assumes the qualities of the other."

To the boy the other girl sometimes seems too cool and formal. While he admires her she seems too dignified and superior for him to make the necessary advances in order to "rush" her. If she could only realize this weakness of the male sex she might be very happy and the boy would have the real pal that only the other girl can make.—Lone Traveler.

Cane-Seated Chairs

If the cane in the seat of the chair becomes sagged, it will tighten it a great deal if washed in hot, soapy water, rinsed in clear water and dried in the fresh air

Represents Business Women

—Copyright P. & A. Photos.

AMERICAN women are acquiring more prominence than ever in business. Mrs. Delevan Cowles of Chicago was a prominent figure at the United States chamber of commerce convention in New York city with 3,000 delegates from all parts of the country in attendance. Mrs. Cowles represented the American business women.

BOYS AND GIRLS

There are no crown wearers in heaven who were not cross bearers here below. —Spurgeon.

REPLIES TO SPINNER

I would like to reply to the letter written by Spinner in the Sun. I think the boys should come in with their share of blame about the flappers. How long would there be any of them if the boys paid no attention to such girls. It isn't right for the boys to go with the flappers and then, when they want to marry to choose some quiet girl who has been neglected because of the flappers. If the flappers are not good enough to make a home why should they receive so much attention while the quiet girl receives none?

I think bobbed hair is all right, if one cares to wear it that way. (No, I don't wear mine bobbed.) But so many girls aren't content simply with cutting off their hair. They seem to think that it calls for a lot of slang and cigarets. I do not think it right for the other girl to associate with flappers, not because it would do her any harm, but because she can't get any pleasure out of it.

The flappers will not be here much longer, but I wonder when they drop the bobbed hair, short skirts, slang and cigarets what they will do with their characters. Can they drop characters as easily as the other things and gain in a year or two what others have been forming all their lives, a good character?—Patsy of N. Y.

CHECKS BIRDS' ARRIVAL

Probably Aunt Martha and the cousins might like to know when some of the birds arrived in New York state this Spring, so I will tell them. I saw the first robin on March 11, bluebird on March 18, red-winged blackbird on March 21, phoebe on April 5, meadow larks and wood peewee on April 11.

As this is housecleaning time it seems as though the subject of ideal homes could be taken up and discussed. I will give some of my ideas and then would like to hear from others. I think the linoleum rugs are fine for all, or nearly all the rooms in a house. For the living room a Brussels or velvet carpet is nice, but for the other rooms I favor linoleum rugs with pretty runners and rugs scattered here and there. Dark rooms should be papered or painted in light tones, and last, but not least, be sure to have everything harmonize. — Shorty of New York.

DOESN'T WORRY ABOUT TUT

After all, can King Tut compare with our Washington and Lincoln? If the people of Egypt are willing to contribute King Tut to history we should not worry. Do you know, King Philip, what they are accusing you of doing? Writing a book, of course. And it is dedicated to another cousin, they say. Oh King, the cousins are not sleeping well at night, wondering who has been so honored.

Keystone Bachelor, I have captured my star and it is purely a business star. When my conference meets in Philadelphia next year I am going to hunt you up. Aren't you frightened? Aunt Martha wonders what we'll do during vacation time. Well, Auntie, I am going to be busy.

What has become of Owannee and J. V. I guess Owannee's ancestor was that wise old Indian who remarked about the white man being to much mind.

I am writing in a Virginia twilight and would like to describe the orange tints against a background of gray. I was going to say gray like an old lady's dress, but I guess "there ain't no such animal."

Don Quickshot, you remind me of Peter rabbit running around in his brand new clothes. They were delightful while they lasted. Come on, Fred Sleath, and bring your Jesse James dogs and take the place of—Dixie Moonbeam.

WATCHES BLUEBIRDS

Here I come again. I have been running every step of the way from North Carolina, but am not too tired to chat with you a while. Uncle Josh, I want you to stand between me and W. B., for I know he won't want you to leave. You can entertain him and maybe he won't see me.

I have a little wooden house where the bluebirds build their nest and raise their young. I like to sit and watch them at work. We should have more bird houses around our homes, as birds add so much to one's enjoyment of Spring and Summer.

I will go after I spring this Irish joke. Once upon a time there were two Irishmen employed by a farmer. One went to the barn to feed the stock. Later the other went there, too. Upon entering the barn he found his partner swinging by a rope tied under his arms. Upon seeing him he exclaimed: "Faith Pat, what are you doing?"

Pat answered, "Committing suicide."

The other asked, "Why didn't you tie the rope around your neck?"

And Pat replied, "Be jabbers and I did, but I couldn't get me breff."—Humpty Dumpty of N. C.

RUNS FROM SKUNK

I am trying once more to get in the circle, for the old saying tells us to try again if at first we don't succeed. I should be glad to get a seat beside Marie de Larme. I think one state is as good as another but I will take my stand to live and die in West Virginia. I hope Mr. W. B. has eaten his supper this time because he has already eaten three or four meals from me.

How many of you ever had such an exciting time as I did once. One day, while running along to school by myself, I saw the terrible monster, Mr. Skunk, asleep. You can imagine how I tried to creep by. While creeping along softly I stepped on Mr. Frog and he screamed. It frightened me so that I began to run, but stumbled over a rock near Mr. Skunk, and he awoke. With the help of a poor little dog I reached school safely. All that I lost was my dinner.—Just a Fright.

Beginning of Muffs

The muff has a history of its own; it began life, so far as can be judged from the absence of any reference to it, in the year 1662, memorable for the severity and duration of its long frost.

Samuel Pepys records in his diary that both he and his wife wore their "muffes" in St. James park for the first time during the Winter of that year, and that on the same occasion he, likewise, for the first time, watched a number of people skating on the ice there; he does not, however, furnish any particulars as to how the "muffes" were fastened or how ornamented.

The Home Painter

If you are considering painting your kitchen, here is a suggestion for the protection of your face when working overhead. Cut a small tin can about an inch from the top and stick the handle of the paint brush through this so that the sides of the can turn towards the bristles. Then you have a shield that will save both face and temper.

Juicy Lemons

Put the lemons in a hot oven for a few minutes before using them. You will obtain one-third more juice from them than usual. Immersing in hot water will have the same effect

Chat With Cousins

There is a continuous call for the old writers. Some seem to think that many of them have the writer's cramp. Your cousins are calling you, old writers. Answer their calls and come again to visit us with nice long, chatty letters. Also the page is open to the new writers. If you have never written before try your hand. Old Mr. W. B. is not as ferocious as advertised. Besides the fine Spring days have chased away most of his Winter grouch. He isn't so hungry, either.

Violet writes from Tennessee approving of the idea of an Honor Roll. She wants to see the names of some of the Tennessee cousins on the roll. She sends out a call for Lone Star. Before Aunt Martha had time to print this call Lone Star entered the circle again.

C. O. S. of Virginia is a 22-year-old young man who was crippled by infantile paralysis for life when only four months old. He is ambitious to be educated and has studied all these years at home. He loves literature and art. Many of the young people nowadays, eager to earn money to buy clothes and more clothes, leave school too early in order to get jobs. Sometimes their parents are poor and they have to do this, but too often such is not the case. They simply cannot see the necessity of obtaining a good education. They forget the future in their desire to look well in the present. Years later they will repent, but you cannot tell them that now. Think of this crippled boy and the disadvantages he has. Think of the obstacles he must overcome. Yet he realizes the value of an education.

An old reader, but a new contributor, has written to the page. He is H. W. C. of Ohio, 80 years young, and has been a reader for 40 years. We are glad to hear from you, H. W. C.

Memorial Day is the first of the three Summer holidays. All outdoors usually calls you at this time of the year. There are picnics, long auto rides, ball games and other sports to entice you. No matter where you go or what you do on Memorial Day give a few minutes at least to thinking of the significance of the day. It is the day when we are called upon to honor the soldiers who have fought so well for our country. Just forget what you are doing for a few minutes on that day and silently thank those brave men who went forth to battle. They sacrificed a great deal. Can't you sacrifice five minutes of pleasure in remembrance of them?

Don't ever get the idea that the fellow who thinks differently from you is an idiot. Each one of us has a right to our own opinion. We think we have and we know we have. Didn't it ever occur to you that the other fellow has the same right? Respect his opinion. It may be wrong. Argue with him about it if you wish, but don't regard him as an idiot.

Before she's married a girl tries to keep her fiance from coming too many evenings in a week to call on her. Afterwards she tries just as hard to keep him from leaving her too many evenings in one week.

You can bluff a stranger easier than you can bluff a friend who has listened to you many times.

It isn't the fine furniture nor the expensive rugs that make a home. Beautiful lamps and costly silverware don't make one. When you hear the pat of little feet and a sweet baby voice you hear that which makes the real home.

Snatches From W. B.

I like The Blade better than any other paper. — Double Dimpled Madge.

My favorite poets are Longfellow, Bryant and Whittier. I am a lover of good literature and all things beautiful. Doesn't it seem just fine to be out enjoying the sunshine, birds and flowers?—M. E. of Ky.

I am a school girl from dear old West Virginia and love to go to school.—Mattie, W. Va.

I would like to read some ghost stories by Cowgirl of W. Va. I have never seen a ghost and have no desire to see one. What has become of Dixie Moonbeam and Prairie Rose?—A Wouldbe Cowgirl.

I graduated from common school when I was 13 years old. I have been clerking in my father's store since then. This makes three years for me and I like the work.—Smiles of Daylight.

How many of you like to go kodaking? I do. I also enjoy auto riding with my girl friends.—Bonnie Blue Eyes of Va.

White Sauce

A thick white sauce for vegetables is made by melting two and a half tablespoons butter, adding one-third cup flour mixed with one-half teaspoon salt and few grains pepper. When smooth, add slowly one cup milk, then stir until sauce boils.

POETS' CORNER

Hallowed Ground

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

What's hallowed ground?
Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground—
Where mourned and missed
The lips repose our has kissed:—
But where's their memory's mansion?
Isn't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound;
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to Heaven!

Peace, Love! the cherubins that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine—
Prayers sound in vain and temples shine,
Where they are not—
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above?
It must be Heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love!

What's hallowed ground?
'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground.

Song of Tree of Fame

BY BYRON T. PARK.

The beech tree stands in the hillside lane,
Unfelled by axe or bolt of flame,
Erstwhile by storm and tempest flayed;
Oft when its branching limbs are swayed
Far over the lane and thence again
There comes a deep and low refrain
(And a whispering song forever weaves)
As soughing south winds rustle the leaves
Of the old beech tree in the hillside lane,
The song of the Tree of Fame.

As mortals mark the rolling years,
Circling rounds of joy and bitter tears,
Long decades now have whirled away
(Where a thousand years are as a day)
Since in youth we played in its blessed shade
And glowing plans for the future laid;
Then carved our names in the smooth, firm bark
Of the old beech tree in the hillside lane,
Calling it our Tree of Fame.

From youth to age, on destined lines,
We have passed that tree a thousand times;
Oft in pensive mood, albeit in vain,
Almost aloud have recalled the names
Of those long gone with the absent throng;
But no form comes near, no voice we hear,
While all around seems hallowed ground
Near the old beech tree in the hillside lane,
Our wondrous Tree of Fame.

Oh! that summer night when the lightning's gleam
From low-lying cloud on the horizon seen,
Through the embowered lane we loved so well
We thronged to the church beyond the dell,
(From the old State Road through the Green Bush way)
Our hearts aglow like the stars overhead;
When, lo! the earth seemed thunder-riven
And forest oaks to the lightning given;
Soon a masquerading bright, full moon
Through the rifted clouds in splendor shone
(Lighting up our way through night and gloom)
And we found unscathed our Tree of Fame,
The old beech tree in the hillside lane—
Our wondrous Tree of Fame.

How few of all that joyous throng
Remain to sing this saddened song,
In that city so fair that "lieth four square"
'Neath the Tree of Life forever they are.
No spirit seraphic nor angelic one
From worlds celestial to us may come;
Though they cannot come, to them we may go,
When mortality sleeps, immortals may speak
Of the life and the world below.
Softly, O south winds! rustle the leaves
While the whispering song forever weaves
'Round the old beech tree in the hillside lane
The song of the Tree of Fame.

As I strolled the lane at twilight again
A spectral form with a burdened frame
Vanished away in the gathering gloom;
An hourglass flashed its rays full soon,
And a gleaming scythe o'er his shoulder thrown
Told his mission well to mortals known—
Old Father Time is awaiting, I know,
And soon shall I be whelmed by the blow.
Then softly, O south winds! rustle the leaves
While the whispering song forever weaves
'Round the old beech tree in the hillside lane
The song of the Tree of Fame.

Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane

I am getting old and feeble now,
I cannot work no more;
I have laid the rusty-bladed hoe to rest
Old massa and old missus, they
Are sleeping side by side,
And their spirits now are roaming with the blest.
Things are changed about the place
The darkies all am gone,
And I cannot hear them singing in the cane,
Ad the only friend that's left me
Is that little boy of mine,
In that little old log cabin in the lane.

There was a happy time to me,
Not many years ago,
When the darkies used to gather 'round my door
They used to sing and dance at night
And play the old banjo,
But alas! they cannot do it any more,
The hinges are all rusty now,
The door is tumbling down,
And the roof lets in the sunshine and the rain;
Oh, the only friend that's left me
Is that little boy of mine,
In the little old log cabin in the lane.

"Oh, daddy, don't you be so sad
And melancholy, now;
For you there's many happy days in store.
Although you're old and feeble,
Your boy is young and strong,
And will love and cherish you for evermore.
I'll try and do the best I can
And make you happy now,
I'll comfort and protect you from all pain;
And the angels they will bless us
In our happy little home,
In our little old log cabin in the lane."

"Oh, child! I am contented, but
The day will quickly come
When I'll have to leave this earth for evermore;
The angels they will take me from
My humble little cot,
And waft me to that bright, celestial shore.
But don't despair, let come what may,
You will be happy yet,
If from sorrow and bad feeling you refrain;
For the angels sure will bless us
In our humble little home,
In the little old log cabin in the lane."

The Ocean

Likeness of heaven; agent of power,
Man is thy victim, shipwrecks thy dower;
Spices and jewels, from valley and sea,
Armies and banners are buried in thee.

What are the riches of Mexico's mines,
To the wealth that far down in thy deep waters shines?
The proud waves that cover thy conquering west—
Thou flingst them to death with one heave of thy breast.

From the high hills that view thy wrecking-making shore,
When the bride of the Mariner shrieks at thy roar,
When, like lambs in the tempest, or mews in the blast
O'er ridge broken billows the vanvas is cast.

How humbling to with a heart and a soul,
To look on thy greatness and liat to thy roll;
To think how that heart in cold ashes shall be,
While the voice of eternity rises from thee.

Yes! When are the cities of Thebes and of Tyre?
Swept from the nations like sparks from the fire,
The glory of Athens, the splendor of Rome?
Dissolved—and forever like dew in a foam.
But thou art almighty, eternal, sublime—
Unweakened, unwasted—twin brother of time—
Fleets, tempest, nor nations thy glory can bow;
As stars first beheld thee, still chainles art thou.

But hold, when thy surges no longer shall roll,
And the firmament's length is drawn back like a scroll,
Then—then shall the spirit that sighs by thee now
Be more mighty, more lasting, more chainless than thou.

The Tempest

By James T. Fields.

We were crowded in the cabin;
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in Winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast."

So we shuddered there in silence.
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers threatened death.

And as thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

Tarnished Silver

An easy way to keep the table silver in order is to put it in the potato water each time you have boiled potatoes for dinner. Let it stand there for a few minutes, then wash in hot suds. It will look like new.

War Upon Bugs and Ants

Just as surely as the warm days come there are certain small critters which are bound to find their way into the best regulated homes.

Even the dread bedbug is sometimes carried home on clothing or finds it way in some package that is brought into the house.

Ants may swarm in a little later and moths are right now at their most dangerous stage.

The following remedies for specific cases are given in the hope that they will help those who want to prevent and elimnate these various undesirables.

Bedbugs—Kerosene, benzine or gasoline forced into the cracks and sprayed over the surface of the infested places.

Buffalo Bug or Buffalo Moth—Take up carpet and clean thoroughly out of the house, then spray with gasoline or benzine, and lay in sun and air. Scrub floors thorughly with soap suds, taking care to clean out all corners and crevices, then spray with gasoline, benzine or kerosene. If there are cracks in the floor they should be filled before the rug or carpet is replaced. Closets should be treated in the same way and sulphur candles burned in these while the clothes are airing, will help eliminate the moths.

Silverfish — These attack books and papers and starched clothing and can be eliminated by using about one teaspoon of powdered white arsenic mixed with one-half cup flour. Make a thin paste by adding boiling water, spread on small pieces of cardboard and when dry put them wher ethe silverfish have been found. Be careful in making this paste as the arsenic is a deadly poison.

Ants—Kerosene, benzine or gasoline sprayed in the places where the ants enter will keep them away and if the nest can be found, pour kerosene on it and cover tightly. Be careful of fire when using these oils. Tartar emetic mixed with a little flour is cheapest of all and said to be a sure cure for ants of every kind.

Moths—Right now shake and brush every woolen garment or blanket that has been undisturbed for any length of time. Cold storage is the only absolutely safe way for valuable furs, but ordinary garments which have been cleaned and wrapped in newspaper which has been pasted together at all cracks are practically safe.

CHANGE OF LIFE LOSES TERRORS

For Women who Rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Greenville, Pa. — "I took your medicine through the Change of Life and it did wonders for me. I was down in bed when I started to take it and weighed 95 pounds. I had hot flashes and was so nervous and weak that everything would get black and I could not see. I would sit and cry and did not know what I was crying for. Since I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel younger than I did ten years ago, and my friends all tell me I look younger, and I owe it all to the Vegetable Compound. I do all my housework for a family of seven now. I will be glad to answer any woman who writes me in regard to my case."—Mrs. JOHN MYERS, 55 Union St., Greenville, Pa.

Many letters similar to this have been published testifying to the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They are sincere expressions from women who describe as best they can their feelings before and after taking this well-known medicine.

RIMROCK TRAIL

BY J. ALLAN DUNN

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Continued From Last Week.

"I don't know. I don't rightly git the motive back of this writin'. It ain't been sent without one. Mebbe she's just taken a fancy to Molly, mebbe she's a woman that likes to do kind things and thinks Molly'll pay well for bein' taken up. I don't mean in money but, if Molly didn't have a show of bein' rich, an' warn't pritty, which she is, I ain't certain Mrs. Keith 'ud be so eager. I guess it's all right but, somehow, it don't hit me as plumb sincere. Still . . . I reckon my opinion is like that gilt hawss top of Ed's barn," she ended with a smile. "It was set up too light, I reckon, an' it was allus shiftin' north, south, east an' west, when you c'udn't feel a breath of wind on the level. I ain't got a thing to pin it to, but I feel there's something back of it, like a person's rheumatic spot'll ache when rain's comin'."

"You'd vote again it?" asked Sandy.

"No-o. I w'udn't."

"I figgered on puttin' it up to Molly."

"That's a good idee. An', as her guardeen, I'd suggest that Mrs. Keith lives up to that half-promise of hers, an' make it a condition she brings Molly out here inside of six months. That'll give time for a fair trial an' you can see right then fo' yoreself how it's workin'. Long's she goin' to have teachers she can't lose much."

"That's a plumb fine idee," said Mormon, looking triumphantly at his partners.

It ran with Sandy's own wishes and he subscribed to it. Sam endorsed it as well, and a letter was sent east that night, containing the proviso of Molly's return and another that Molly should bear all her own expenses of tuition and living. All this to hang upon Molly's own desire to make the change.

When Molly's letter came there appeared no doubt as to her willingness. She admitted that she had been sometimes "lonesome" at the school. One page was devoted to her anticipations of coming back to visit Three Star.

"I may stay; there are lots of new and lovely things here, but I miss the mountains and the range terribly. Also Grit. Please tell him I have not forgotten him. You might draw cards to see who will kiss him on the end of the nose—for me. It is a very nice nose. High man out. Lovingly, Molly.

P. S.—There are three other people I miss just as much as I do Grit, but, being quite grown up, I can not send them the same message, though it would be awfully funny to see you delivering it to each other. Maybe, when I come, I'll be so glad to see you, I'll do it myself. M.

"I'll kiss no dawg," declared Sam. "I like a dawg first-rate, like I do a hawss, on'y not so much, but I'm a hell-singed son of a hornet-toad if I'd ever kiss one."

"It's two to one you don't have to," said Mormon. "If you're a sport you'll do as Molly asks an' draw cards fo' the privilege. It's a sure-fire cinch she'll never give you one of them salutes she hints at when she comes home ef she knows you backed out. Wait till I git the cards."

It was plain to Sandy that Sam and Mormon, despite Sam's protest, took Molly's pleasantry in earnest and he made no comment as Mormon deftly shuffled the deck and riffled it out over the table. He picked a jack, Mormon a three of clubs and Sam an eight of hearts. Sam whooped at sight of Mormon's card.

"Hold on, Molly said 'High man out.' That's Sandy. You an' me got to draw again. Ain't that so, Sandy?"

"Sure is," said Sandy gravely. "You hollered too soon, Sam. Prob'ly crabbed your luck."

Both chose their cards and drew them to the edge of the table, face down, taking a peep at the index corners.

"Bet you ten dollars I got you beat," said Mormon cheerfully.

Sam turned up his card disgustedly. It was the deuce of spades.

"Oh, hell!" he exclaimed. "Now I got to kiss a dawg!"

At his voice and face Mormon and Sandy bent double with laughter that brought water to their eyes and nearly sent Mormon into convulsions. Sam surveyed them with gloomy contempt.

"Laf, you couple of ring-tailed snakes in the sage!" he said bitterly. "I'm stuck an' I'm game, but if either of you ever whisper a word of it to a livin' soul, outside of Molly, I'll plumb scalp, skin an' silence both of you. Kiss a dawg. Hell's delight!"

They started to follow him, still weak with laughter, but he threatened them with his gun and they fell back in mock alarm while Sam went round back of the corrall and they heard him whistling for Grit. When he reappeared, straddling along on his bowed legs, his good humor had returned.

"How'd he like it?" asked Mormon.

Sam grinned at him.

"You bald-headed ol' badger, you, he acted plumb like yore wives must have, when I salutes him on the snoot. Licks my nose first an' then curls up his tongue an' licks off his own. Wipes out all trace of the oskylation pronto an' thorough. Most unappreciative animile I ever see."

"I tell you straight out that none of my wives ever acted that-away," started Mormon, and the laugh swung at his expense.

"I didn't mind the operation so much," Sam confided to them," "when I figger out that I was just handin' it on fo' Molly, an' that she owes me one, whether she decides to salute you two galoots or not."

Molly's letters were prime events at the Three Star. She wrote every week telling of life at the Keiths'. Miranda made up the quartet to read them. Molly wrote:

It is full of excitement, this life at the Keiths', and they are just lovely to me. There is a lot of company always at the house and every one seems to be enjoying himself, but somehow it strikes me as not quite real. I want to be back where nobody pretends.

I go automobling a good deal, with Mrs. Keith and once in a while with Donald, but I'd give anything, sometimes, for a good gallop through the redtop and sage and rabbit-brush on my pony. I can go riding here, but it is in the park and you should see the saddle! Imagine a real saddle with the cantle taken away, the horn gone, the pommel trimmed down to almost nothing, no skirts to it, just pared to the core. And the poor horse bob-tailed and roach-maned, taught to go along with his knees high, like a trained horse in a circus. High-school gaited, they call it.

There was more talk of dinners and dances, of receptions and theaters, with mention of Donald Keith here and there, chat of new clothes, kind words for the elder Keiths. "Don't think I've changed," she said. "I'm the same Molly underneath even if I have been revamped and decorated."

The famous White Gold prospectuses and advertisements duly followed the news stories. Three Star saw no copies of the last, nor, it seemed, did Molly. Neither did prospectuses or advertisements come their way, for that matter. Casey Town boomed with some bona-fide strikes that sent Keith's stocks soaring high. The porphyry dyke at the Molly Mine began to yield rich results almost from the first and dividends were paid in such quantities as to stagger the Three Star outfit who saw themselves in a fair way to become rich. All over the barren hills, where the first futile shafts had been driven and abandoned, buildings sprang up like mushrooms, housing machinery, sending up plumes of white smoke that tokened the underground energies. The Keith properties were being developed with much show of outlay, prices jumping at every report from the Molly Mine or other successful developments. None of the investors in these Keith undertakings knew that he owned forty-nine per cent of the shares of the Molly and of none other, save for the space between issuing them and selling them.

The three partners held consultation as to their disposal of the checks that were sent them.

"Molly, she's gettin' the same amount we're splittin' both ways," said Sam, "but somehow it don't seem right to me the way we come in. It was her dad's mine. He found it. All we did was to find her—an' Grit done that. The dawg ought to have a gold collar an' we might accept a gold plated collar-button, apiece, that's the way it sizes up to me."

"The gal w'udn't promise to go to school 'less we shared even-Steven," said Mormon.

"She didn't know how much money she c'ud use then," demurred Sam. "Now she's being shown how to spend it. It ain't that she'd kick, but some might think we'd taken advantage of her. Darn me if I don't feel thataway myse'f."

"I see it this way," said Sandy. "I've done a heap of thinkin' over the matter. I don't believe that Molly has changed—still she might be influenced by folks who w'ud look at it that she made a deal when she was a minor an' we c'udn't enfo'ce it. Bein' her guardeen, I'm responsible fo' what she makes an' what she loses. Jim Redding fixed up things in that line. He an' Ba'bara Redding understand it all but others mightn't. I'm plumb sure that if we-all didn't take the money Molly 'ud pull out her picket-pin an' say we wasn't playin' fair an' square with her. It was a deal an', at the time, I had no mo' idee the mines w'ud pan out than I have that Sams Jaigs'll grow straight. I figger we can do this. We can use the money, keepin' account of it, puttin' it into stock an' improvements that'll pay fo' themselves long befo' Molly comes of age an' my guardeen papers play out. That way we'll have the benefit of the capital an' keep it ready to turn over to her if she ever needs it. It was a gamble with her an' she's a thoroughbred sport. To my mind, she'd sooner be slapped in the face by us than have us try an' wriggle out of the deal. But, in case anything ever turns up, or she gits married, we'll have it handy."

"Figger she's goin' to marry that young Keith? She writes a heap of Donald's this an' Donald doin' that. I'd like to take a slant at him. I sure hate to think of Molly hitchin' up with a tenderfoot."

"What put that in yore head?" Sam asked Mormon.

"Mirandy was wonderin' whether Ma Keith 'ud like to keep Molly's money in the family. Mirandy's allus 'spicioned a motive to that invite."

"Shucks! She asked her befo' the mine made a showin'. An' every dollar Molly makes, Keith makes five or six, out of the sale of them shares. But I subscribe to Sandy's scheme on these here dividends of ours."

"Count me in," said Mormon. And so the affair was ended.

Of Plimsoll little was heard. The gambler had deserted that now unpopular profession, since suffrage ruled, and stayed close to his horse ranch. It lay alone, and few visited it save Plimsoll's own associates. Rumors drifted concerning Plimsoll's remarkable herd increase of saleable horses, but, unless proof of actual operation was forthcoming, there was small chance of pinning anything down in the way of illegal work. There was always the excuse of having rounded up a bunch of broom-tail wild horses to account for growing numbers, and, if he stole or not, Plimsoll left the horses of his own county alone. No neighbor was injured and though stories of wild happenings at the horse ranch were current it was considered nobody's business. Wyatt once, staggering out of some blind pig in Herefore, still existent despite the suffrage sweeping, babbled in maudlin drunkenness of his determination to get even with Plimsoll for stealing his sweetheart. For Wyatt, for the sake of the girl, had gone back to Plimsoll's employ. The new sheriff took Wyatt's guns away and locked him up overnight in the "cooler," letting him go in the morning, soberer and more silent.

"But," said the sheriff to his cronies, "some day there'll be one grand shoot-up an' carry-out at Plimsoll's. Wyatt's sore clean through."

"He ain't got the sand in his craw to make a killing," said one of the listeners. "Sandy Bourke backed him off the map to Casey Town."

"Just the same, he's got something in his craw," replied the sheriff. "He may not shoot Plimsoll, but he's primed to pull something off first chance he gets. I spoke to him about what he'd been firing off from his mouth the night before an' he shuts up like a clam. 'I was foolish drunk,' he says, but there was a look in his eyes that was nasty. If Plim's wise he'll get rid of Wyatt. He knows too much an' he's liable to tip it off."

"Wyatt an' Plim's both of 'em side-swipers," returned the other. "They'd throw dirt but not lead. Plumb yeller as a Gila monster's belly. Plimsoll told it all over the county he'd tally score with Sandy Bourke. Has he? He ain't even bought him a stick of chalk."

"He ain't had the chance he's lookin' for. That's all that's holding Plimsoll. Same way with Wyatt. Two buzzards of a feather, they are."

Thoughts of Plimsoll and his revenge did not bother Sandy's head. The "old man" of the Three Star—bearing the cowman's inevitable title for the head of the management, whether young or old, male or female—carried out his long-cherished plans for additional water supply, for alfalfa planting, for registered bulls and high-grade cows. Now that there was money in sight the success of the ranch was assured. He studied hard, he got in touch with the state experimental developments, he subscribed for magazines that told of cattle breeding, he sent soils for analysis and young Ed, coming home from his first term, found, somewhat to his chagrin, that Sandy was far ahead of him in both the theory and practice of ranching.

The days multiplied into weeks and the weeks into months. Sandy received one letter from Brandon that seemed to presage another visit across the line. It was terse, characteristic of the man.

My Dear Bourke:

We are still losing three-and-four-year-olds, and the evidence points plainly to their drifting over toward Plimsoll. We have traced up some of the links leading from this end. To be quite frank, the authorities of your own county do not seem overdisposed to bother in the matter, and we are taking things in our own hands. We have set a trap for Jim Plimsoll and have hopes he will walk into it if he is the guilty party.

If it springs and catches him you'll probably see us over your way again — after we have concluded our business with J. P. There are some of us old-timers—and I believe you are of our way of thinking or I would not write asking you to do this favor for me—who look at horse stealing just as it used to be looked at—and dealt with. To be plain, we have been losing a lot of valuable animals and we are all considerably "riled."

The favor I want of you is to tip me off if Plimsoll appears about to leave the country. We have had a tip that he expects to do so before long. If you get wind of this a wire would be much appreciated by me.

Sincerely yours,
W. J. Brandon.

Have been hearing fine things about the way things are being run along modern lines on the Three Star. More power to you. Good stock always pays.

Sandy filed the letter. There was a room in the ranch-house that was now fitted up as an office, known to the riders of the Three Star as the "Old Man's Room." Sandy had even contemplated a typewriter, but given it up for the time being after talking it over.

"I don't believe I c'ud ever learn to ride one of those contraptions," he said. "I tried it once an' the wires bucked my fingers off reg'lar. But I sure hate writin' longhand."

"Why not import one of them stenographers?" suggested Mormon.

"Sure," jeered Sam. "Why not? Then you c'ud put in yore spare moments gentlin' a hawss fo' her an' pickin' wild flowers, until Mirandy Bailey persuade her the climate is too chilly. But I'll bet Molly c'ud handle that end of it prime, if she was back."

"I w'udn't wonder," said Sandy.

There was a lot of interjected talk about what Molly might say or do. With the founding of the Three Star Ranch the lives of the partners had changed a good deal. They held responsibilities, they owned a home and they lived there. None of them, since they were children, had ever known the close companionship of a young girl. Mormon's matrimonial adventures had been foredoomed shipwrecks on the sands of time, his wives marital pirates preying on his good nature and earnings. Molly had leavened their existence in a way that two of them hardly suspected and the yeast of affection was still working. Each hung to the hope that she might return to the ranch again to stay and each felt that hope was a faint one.

When, at last, there came the news, from Molly herself and from Mrs. Keith, that Keith was coming out to make inspection of his Casey Town properties, that he was traveling in a private car with his son, with Molly and her governess-companion, and that the two latter would get off at Hereford for a visit to the Three Star, Sandy went about with a whistle, Sam breathed sanguine melodies through the harmonica and Mormon beamed all over. The illumination was apparent. Sam told him he looked "all lit up, like a Chinee lantern" and Mormon beamed the more.

Molly's letter was primed with delight. Mrs. Keith's contained regrets that her physicians did not think the journey would be best for her to undertake in the present state of her health, which meant that she feared possible discomforts en route and imagined the ranch as a place where one was fed only on beans, sour-dough bread, bull meat and indifferent coffee.

"You will find Miss Nicholson most efficient and amenable," she penned. "She has done remarkably well with your ward. I believe my husband expects to stay in your vicinity about a month and we have decided to make a holiday of it for Molly, as far as lessons are concerned. She can resume her studies on her return to New York. I regret exceedingly not being able to make your personal acquaintance. But, if ever you come East, we shall hope to see something of you."

Miranda Bailey sniffed at this letter openly.

"I hope they ain't spiled the child," she said. "I wonder what's the matter with the Nicholson teacher woman?"

"What do you mean?" asked Mormon.

"She says she's amenable. I ain't sure of the word, but I believe that means thin-blooded or underfed. My sister's niece by marriage was that way till they fed her cod-liver oil an' scraped beef. 'Pears to me as if all the companions an' governesses was that kind of folk. I suppose they hire out cheaper account of not bein' overstrong."

"You can search me," answered Mormon. "Ask Sandy, he's browsin' through the dikshunary reg'lar these days. Gettin' so it's hard to sabe half he tells you."

Sandy had to look up the word. "Liable to make answer," he read out.

"One of the snippy kind, back-talkin' an' peevish," said Miranda. "I can't bear 'em."

"That's the legal meaning," said Sandy. "I reckon this is it—submissive."

"Halter-broke. That's more likely. That's the kind that Keith party w'ud pick. I ain't ever seen her nor don't hope nor expect to, but that's the kind she'd pick up. No backbone. Molly'll twist her round her little finger. Wonder how old she is?"

"The word you meant was anemic, Miss Mirandy," said Sandy, turning a leaf in the dictionary. "They sound about the same."

"There's too many words, anyway," she replied. "Folks don't use mo'n a hundredth part of 'em an' git along first-rate. I don't see why they print 'em." Miranda did not show to the best advantage during the rest of the visit. She snubbed Mormon severely when he offered to get water for her car. "I've fetched an' carried for myself long enough not to want to be waited on," she said. "An' I don't need water anyway." She drove off and had to bail from an irrigating ditch before she was half way to her destination. Whereupon she took herself to task.

"Miranda Bailey, there's no fool like an old fool," she said laoud, with sage brush and timid prairie dogs for audience. "What you want to do is to keep sweet. Now git on." The final adjuration was to her car, to which she always spoke exactly as if it was a horse."

"What do you suppose made her so cantankerous?" Mormon inquired after she had driven round the corral. "Reckon you got her sore bawlin' her out about usin' the wrong word, Sandy. A woman's sensitive about them things."

Sam smote Mormon between the shoulders before Sandy could make answer.

"Fo' a man who's had yore experience, you're deef, blind, dumb an' lost to all sense of touch or motion," he shouted. "Remember what I said about the stenographer? Mirandy's jealous of the Nicholson woman. Plumb jealous! You better wear blinders while she's here, Mormon. If she's a good-looker, Gawd help you! Mirandy won't."

CHAPTER XVI
East and West

When Miranda Bailey heard the news she announced her determination of coming over to the Three Star to prepare for the visitors.

"I reckon my reputation'll stand it," she said, "seein' I'm older than two of you an' the third is still a married man. That spineless governess'll be writin' back to the Keith woman about everything she sees, eats, sits or sleeps on. Pedro's cookin' is enough to give an easterner dyspepsy. The whole house wants riddin' up, it ain't been swept proper fo' a year."

Abashed, the partners gave her full sway. They lived on the porch in their spare waking moments, they ate cold victuals, and the lives of Pedro and Joe were made miserable. But the ranch-house was scoured from top to bottom. Miranda's car brought over curtains for the windows, flowers for the window-sills, odds and ends that made the place look homey, cheerful, inviting. Pedro was given lessons at the stove that he at first took sulkily, but, being praised and his wages raised, took pride in.

"He'll do," vouchsafed Miranda at last, the evening before the arrival. "He's no hand at cookies or doughnuts an' never will be, but I'll bring them over from time to time. He can make a pie an' biscuit an' he can broil meat. I've taught him to mash his pertaters with milk 'stead of water an' to put butter in his hot cakes. I'm stayin' over till supper ter-morrer to see everything has a good staht."

"She's stayin' over to git a good look at the Nicholson party," Sam said to Mormon. "All this ain't jest for Molly."

"There's nothin' between Miss Mirandy an' myself," replied Mormon with dignity. "She's a wonderful housekeeper."

"She sure is. Me, I'm so I'm afeard to come into my own house, it's so golderned clean. If that third wife of yor'n . . ."

The long-suffering Mormon turned upon his partner. They were seated on the broad top rail of the breaking corral, waiting the call to supper. Mormon clutched Sam by the collar and jerked him off the rail, catching the slack cloth of his pants at the seat, holding him firmly gripped and bending him across his padded lap. Despite Sam's kicks and squirms, he paddled him unmercifully and then dropped him sprawling into the corral.

"I ain't done that to you, Sam Manning," he said sternly, "fo' five-six years. An' you've got too all-all-fired fresh. Nex' time I'll do it in front of Mirandy, you ornery, bow-laiged, hornin'-in son of a lizard."

Sam said nothin. His face, as he stooped somewhat painfully, was fiery red. He took hold of a post to help himself up, pretending disability. On the post a horsehair lariat hung from the snub of a lopped-off bough of the tree that made the heavy stake. He fumbled with this while Mormon shook with laughter like a great jelly. The next moment the lariat came flying, circling, settled down over Mormon's head, over his body and arms. Sam, working like a pumping-jack, took a quick turn, flung a coil about Mormon's legs and in a few seconds, had him trussed helplessly to the rail.

"Paddle me, you overgrown buzzard, will you? There you roost till Mirandy comes to look for you."

Mormon pleaded and Sam pretended to be inflexible. At last they came to a capitulation. Mormon promised to keep his hands off Sam, and the latter vowed he would jibe no more about Mormon's matrimonial affairs, past, present or future.

"An' don't look nothin', either," added Mormon at Joe glided into sight and grunted his message.

"Grub piled. Squaw she say hurry."

For the life of him Sam could not resist a side glance of mirthful suggestion at Miranda's tendency to issue orders. Mormon did not notice it.

"There's room for five—supposed to be—in my car," said Miranda. "An' there's four of us an' six to come back. The other car's in use. How we goin' to manage it?"

"Mormon c'ud take the Nicholson party on his lap, if she ain't too finicky," suggested Sam. This was hewing close to the line, and Mormon glared at him while the spinster sniffed.

"Molly'll ride in with me," said Sandy. "I'm goin' over early on Pronto an' take the white blazed bay along that Molly rode over the Goats' Pass."

"Ride in?"

"She wrote she was jest waitin' fo' the minute she c'ud climb into a real saddle, astride a range-bred hawss," said Sandy.

"She won't be dressed for it, travelin' on the train," said Mirandy.

"I've got a hunch she will," Sandy answered simply. "They got their own private car. If she ain't, why Sam can ride the bay back. But me an' Pronto, the bay an' Grit are goin' thataway."

There were certain tones of Sandy's voice that gave absolute finality to his statements. He used them on this occasion. The argument dropped. In a way Sandy was making the matter a test of Molly. If she was as anxious as she wrote to "fork a broncho," if she understood Sandy and he her, she would feel that he would be waiting with her mount for her to return to the ranch western fashion. If not, it meant that she was out of the chrysalis and had become, not the busy bee that belongs to the mesquite and the sage, but a gaudier, less responsible flutterer among eastern flower-beds.

The bay with the white blaze had been groomed by Sandy until his hide was glossy and rich as polished mahogany, while the blaze on his nose shone like a plate of silver. His dark main and tail had been braided and combed until it crinkled proudly, the light shone from his curves as he moved, reflecting the sky in the high-lights. Hoofs had been oiled and Sandy had attended to his shoeing. The bay had been up for a month and fed until he was almost pampered, save that Sandy took the excess pepper out of him every morning.

A new saddle came from Cheyenne, most famous of all cities for making of saddles that are tailor-made, the leather carved cunningly into arabesques of cactus design, bossed and rimmed here and there with silver, the pattern carried over into the tapideros that hooded the stirrups, even into the bridle. It was a masterpiece of art craft, that saddle, and it cost Sandy an even quarter of a thousand dollars.

Sam and Mormon knew of the grooming of the horse, but when the saddle, cinched above a Navajo blanket, smote their vision, they blinked and complained. They too had gifts for the homecomer, but Sandy's outshone them as a newly minted five-dollar gold piece does a silver coin.

"If that don't win her to stay West there ain't no use a-tryin'," declared Sam as Sandy, mounted and rode away, leading the bay. Grit, newly washed also, sorely against his will, since he did not know the occasion of the bath at the time of suffering it, went bounding on pads of rubber, leaping up, tearing ahead and back, a shuttling streak of gold and silver.

Miranda's caravan started an hour later, she driving, Mormon and Sam in the back, each dressed in his best, minus chaperajos and spurs, but otherwise most typically the cowboy and therefore out of place—and feeling it—as they sat stiffly in the leatherette-lined tonneau. Miranda was in starched linen, destitute of all ornament, a dark red ribbon at her throat the only touch of color, looking extremely efficent and, as Sam whispered to Mormon, "a bit stand-offish." He wanted to add, "'count of the Nicholson party," but dared not.

The train rolled in majestically, the private car gleaming with varnish and polished glass and brass, with a white-coated darky flashing white teeth on the platform as the fussy local agent took the detached luxury to the side-track designated for its Hereford location. There, forewarned by the agent, much of Hereford assembled to witness the arrival of the magnate who had helped to place them more definitely on the map and increased their revenue as supply depot for Casey Town. The flivver was parked and Miranda, Mormon and Sam made one group a little ahead of the others, recognized by the crowd as priviliged. Sandy sat Pronto, talking to the restive bay, proudly conscious of its new trappings and the remarks of the onlookers.

If Wilson Keith, clad in tweeds tailored on Fifth avenue, a little portly, square-faced, confident, a trifle condescending, typified the East, Sandy was the West. A good horse is the incarnation of symmetry, grace and power. Sandy, erect in the saddle, lean and keen, matched all of Pronto's fitness. Man and mount both eminently belonged to the land, shimmering with sage, far-stretching to the mountains, a land that demanded and bred such a combination.

Sandy's clean-shaven face was sharp with obstacles faced and overcome, his eyes held clean fine spirit, his jaw showed determination and the good lines of his mouth belied obstinacy. He wore the regalia of his cow-punching holidays, soft-collared shirt of blue, silk bandanna of dark weave in lieu of tie, leather gauntlets, leather chaps, fringed and buttoned with leather and trimmed with disks of silver, silver spurs on high-heeled boots, trousers of dark gray stripe, a quirt with the handle plaited in black and white diamonds of horsehair dangling from one wrist, and the blue Colts in the twin holsters. He could not avoid being picturesque, yet there was nothing of the masquerader, the moving-picture cowboy. He held the eye, even of Hereford, but only because they liked to gaze upon a good man on a good horse. His body responded to every shift of Pronto, jigging impatiently, showing off, pretending to be afraid of the panting locomotive, body shining like metal of bronze and aluminum, his nostrils pink as the inside of a shell, ears twitching, rider and mount one in every movement. Grit stood with plumy tail erect and waving gently, ears up, red tongue playing between white teeth, his eyes like jewels; braced on his feet, tiptoe on his pads, watching the parking of the private car with now and then a glance of inquiry at Sandy.

Keith stood by the railing of his platform, the darky ready with the dismounting stool. He surveyed the crowd affably, with the poise of a successful candidate assured of welcome, waving his hand in demi-salute to Sandy, Sam and Mormon, lifting his hat graciously to Miranda Bailey. The man and the car emanted prosperity. Yet, for all the booming of Casey Town, the finding of pay-ore, the sale of shares, Keith's present financial status was not all that he trusted it might be within a short time. It was part of the technique of his profession to assume a mask and manner of financial success, and of late he had worn these until at times they jaded him, but they were well designed, well worn, and no one doubted but that Wilson Keith was a man of ready millions.

To Be Continued.

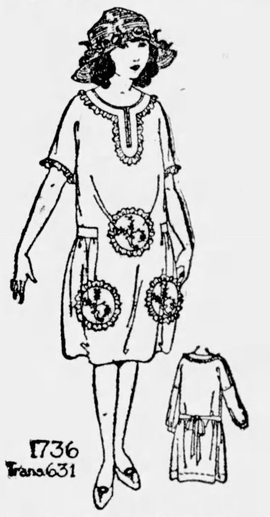
FASHIONS BY MARTHA HOLDEN

BLOUSES are necessary, no matter how many frocks you have in your wardrobe. No. 9922 can be used for two different blouses. Try it. The maid in No. 1736 looks sweet, doesn't she? No. 1734 was designed for her younger sister. Chic is the word that describes the frock in No. 1753. Every woman would like to have a bungalow frock during the Summer. No. 1741 is a particularly attractive model.

No. 9922.—Separate Blouse — The pattern can be had in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure and requires in the 36-inch size for the blouse shown in View B only 1½ yards 36-inch material. The charming affair shown in View A exploits the popular use of contrasting materials and requires 1 yard 36-inch plain material with ⅞ yard 36-inch figured material.

No. 1741.—Bungalow Frock—You'll agree that the simple straight lines of this one, patterns for which cut in sizes 36, 40, 44 and 48 inches bust measure, makes it a most desirable frock for very warm days and for the woman who knows very little about the art of sewing. For the dress as shown in the sketch in a 36-inch size, 3½ yards 36-inch material with ⅜ yard 14-inch contrasting is required.

No. 1753. — Frock of Exceptional Chic—'Tis said that this is to be a Summer of printed silks, cape-back frocks and tiered skirts, so if one would be up-to-date the right thing to do is to select this style, patterns for which cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. For the frock in a 36-inch size, 3⅞ yards 36-inch material with ⅞ yard 36-inch contrasting is required.



No. 1736—For Youthful Maids—To be anywheres from a little eight-old to the more sophisticated, 14, and dressed in a frock of crepe de chine or fancy cotton like the one in this illustration is indeed something to envy. You can obtain patterns of this smart little style in sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. For the dress in an 8-year size, 1⅞ yard 36-inch material is required.

No. 1734.—For Little Maids — For girls of 2, 4, 6 and 8 years this cunning little frock with its matching bloomers was designed. It's just the simplest little garment to make and economical, too, for only 2⅝ yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 27-inch material for trimming is required in the 4-year size.

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of the above designs at the rate of 15 cents for each pattern. These patterns are stylish and perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give number, size, age, etc.

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YOU'RE NO BEAUTY, THAT'S CERTAIN!
JEFF, THERE COMES MISS SCHULTZ NOW! YOU BETTER HIDE!
YOU BET I'LL HIDE!
M-M-
I'LL GO AND HEAD HER OFF!
M-M-
D.S.C.
CHAWMED MISS SCHULTZ
I COULD KILL THAT BARBER!
D.S.C.

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Wonderful French Discovery Succeeds After Everything Else Has Failed.

Thousands who have suffered from catarrh, head noises, difficult breathing, hawking, etc., and who have tried everything without success, say that the famous new scientific discovery Lavex rid them of their troubles in a few days. Many say they had no further trouble after the first three minutes of treatment.

Lavex is a French discovery, easily used by simply inhaling a pleasant, harmless powder, which tends to kill the catarrh germs almost instantly. The results are astonishing in their rapidity. For instance Rev. J. F. Stephens, a widely known preacher, says, "I had suffered from catarrh for years and my doctor said there was no cure. Had to quit preaching as a Methodist Minister. After using Lavex I can sleep and eat well, voice is clear, can walk or run or work as well as I could twenty years ago and I am now sixty-nine."

So confident is W. R. Smith, 731 Lavex Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., American distributor of Lavex, that it will rid you of all your catarrh troubles, in no time at all, that he generously offers to send a ten-day treatment on free trial. It obligates you in no way and comes to you in plain wrapper, postpaid, therefore, you should accept this introductory offer today by simply sending your name and address to Mr. Smith.

—Advertisement.

CAIRO TO KEEP TUT TREASURES

Egyptians Won't Permit Tomb Relics to Leave Nation.

Members of the American archaeological mission who are assisting discoverers of King Tutankhamen's tomb in identifying, cataloging and packing the amazing collection of antiquities removed from the burial chamber of Thebes, are making rapid progress with their work and hope soon to complete their annual visits to the United States. They will return to Egypt in the Autumn when the tomb is opened.

Most of the articles taken from the sepulchral chamber are now awaiting shipment to the Cairo museum. There is little chance that these mementoes will find their way to American, or indeed foreign museums. For the Egyptian government decrees that all objects found in royal tombs shall remain in the country as the property of the Egyptian government.

The explorers who discovered the tomb must find their reward in the personal satisfaction of having added much to the world's knowledge of life on the Nile 3,350 years ago. They have taken no article from the tomb as their personal property. And they have announced they do not intend to do so.

The American expert's compensation will be even less. They are aiding their British colleagues without hope of remuneration. And they have done by far the greater part of the important work of conserving the hundreds of fragile objects found in the tomb. It may be said without their help these articles would have perished.

JIGS ALL NIGHT TO CHEAT DEATH

Pioneer, Caught in Storm, Keeps Self Alive by Exercise.

The first marathon dance was one of necessity.

And instead of being a product of the present-day jazz period of unrest it was a frontier idea to prolong life.

"Snowshoe" Thompson was the originator of the marathon dance, historical records are correct.

Thompson was a mail carrier over the Sierras of California when California was an outpost of civilization. Snowstorms meant little to the lanky "Snowshoe," who, when Winter and snow shut off human migration, thought nothing of hitching his dispatch pouch on his back and "shooting" through the drifts to carry his precious mail.

On one of these trips he was caught in an unusually severe mountain blizzard. Despite his great strength he found it impossible to go on. To lie down meant probable death.

"Snowshoe" laid aside his pack and, clad only in hiking pants, woolen shirt and socks, found a flat rock and started a night-long marathon dance to keep himself from freezing to death.

There were no rest periods for "Snowshoe." He kept up his dance against death and, when the storm abated in the morning, put on his snowshoes and mailpack and continued his journey, with little thought he had made a record for posterity to shoot at 60 years later.

His snowshoes are a part of a pioneer exhibition of relics at Fort Sutter, Sacramento.

$1,000,000 Realized by Chaplin in "Kid"

Shrewd business ability of Charles Chaplin brought him $1,000,000 profit from one motion picture, one he had contracted to produce for $1,075,000, James D. Williams, organizer of the First National Co., testified at the federal trade commission's investigation of charges that the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and six other defendants constitute a trust.

Chaplin, Williams testified, was allotted $100,000 additional for each of the pictures over the original contract price because of heavy production expenses, and in addition received 50 per cent of the gross receipts of "The Kid," which brought him $1,000,000 profit.

The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang

IT WAS REALLY REMARKABLE THE DISTANCE MR. BANG WAS able TO THROW THAT SET OF TOY GARDEN TOOLS MA BOUGHT FOR LITTLE EGBERT.
BANG!
FOX '23

TROTSKY WANTS WAR OF CONQUEST; LACKS CASH TO CONDUCT IT

Leon Trotsky wants war, but only an aggressive war, and there is no danger of his undertaking it in the near future. In the meantime he prepares to resist any attack. His incentive for new battles is the very thing which prevents action, and that is money.

Trotsky, Tchitcherin and Zinoviev look with mixed feeling and covetousness toward the Ruhr, Warsaw and the Baltic ports, where lie the potential glory, wealth and expension of communism. The treasure of the Czar's nobles and the bourgeoise of Russia has been exhausted, but beyond the fickle frontiers lies an abundance.

The moment has not come to risk what resources remain, but they are being kept for the Red army. Every effort is being made to increase the quantity of modern fighting equipment without increasing the expense of the forces under arms.

The first thorough military registration of all males up to the age of 40 was held early in March, but neither of the two classes of young men due for military service for two or three years was called because of the expense of maintaining them. Money, however, was spent in the manufacture of tanks, motors and guns, the repair of old equipment and the recommissioning of naval units and the like.

Must Strengthen Army.

Trotsky summed up the projects in a recent speech. "We have been avoiding war and have given sufficient proof of it. We called a peace conference and decreased our army. The possibility of war, however, has not been excluded and therefore the important question of the day is the strengthening of the Red army, the fleet and aviation."

The Communist war lord has a fine fighting machine at his disposition. It is not comparable to any first class western military organization on account of the insufficiency of modern war tools, but the army spirit and training are excellent and fired by the fresh-glowing traditions of victories over Judenitch, Wrangel, Denikin and Kolchak.

1,000,000 in Army.

There are now about 1,000,000 soldiers in the army, but after Lenine dies they will not be as easy to control as they are now. Many of their officers, commanders and teachers are old regime soldiers. Next under Trotsky is the infamous Zov, who formerly was a workingman who didn't work. He has learned and read since. By dint of his bloodthirst he gained the appointment. The chief of staff is Dombrovski, who is brainy and crafty.

The crack soldiers, usually 150,000 of them, are kept in Moscow with a view to suppressing counter-revolutions, and they are always well provisioned. There they sit.

Brussilov is now inactive, as is Kaminev. Both are of that old army. The latter planned the defeat of Denikin and Kolchak. There is a good officers' training school, where they teach the old manual to save their necks and be comfortable, but always you may be sure they are hoping one day for something different.

The Red army was said to be 5,000,000 strong in 1920. It was reduced at the end of 1921 to 1,375,000, with 95 infantry divisions and 49 cavalry. At the end of 1922 the army and navy recruitment totaled 1,595,000. Later figures give 72 division, which are said to contain fewer than 600,000 bayonets.

I am inclined to believe that Trotsky doesn't know how many men he has, for what he had yesterday he may not have today. All reports of the army's activities as well as the opposing armies on the various frontiers are given out to suit the false reports which are received from the commanders themselves. It is quite possible that the White forces in the Far East have been successful recently and that whole divisions of Reds have been wiped out and have joined the enemy. Russia is a large place and the Red army embraces many minds.

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TITLED BRITONS TAKING LODGERS

Paying Guests Are Sought by English Upper Classes in London.

One of the significant signs of the times is the number of titled women who are taking boarders because they are hard up. They are advertising for them, too, but they do not call them "boarders." They refer to them as "paying guests."

There is no difference between "boarders" and "paying guests" except that the latter are charged more. Boarders are regarded as vulgar but paying guests are assumed to be of some social position.

Treated As "Friends"

One titled woman advertises she has a wide circle of titled people among her friends and acquaintances to whom she will introduce "paying guests" and that nobody will know they are not her particular friends. It is added in the advertisement that "liberal terms" are "expected."

"A lady of title," runs another advertisement, will accept the chaperonage of a few young ladies of good breeding for whom she will guarantee "exceptional social advantages" and "will organize dances, parties and entertainments."

Another advertisement runs, "A lady of title who used to entertain on a lavish scale before the war but is no longer able to indulge her fondness for hospitality on such a generous scale as formerly, will receive some highly recommended paying guests at large and magnificently furnished ancestral mansion standing in midst of beautiful and extensive estate. Only people who have been accustomed to moving in the best society will be received."

Bait For Americans

That is one way of hinting that the rates charged will be considerably more than at a first class hotel.

One advertisement that appeared recently read: "A few American young ladies whose parents can appreciate value of a refined and cultivated English accent received as paying guests by two ladies of title who will instruct them in the manners and deportment of people who move in the best English society. References exchanged."

Civil Marriage Law Urged in Australia

The Australian government is being urged to abolish the present marriage laws and to compel the parties to enter a civil contract before a registrar, regardless of any religious ceremony. Proponents of the idea also are urging that it be made an offense, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for any person to impugn the legality of such a civil contract.

The precedents of France, Italy and other countries are quoted in support of the plan, which emphasizes the completeness of the marriage contract as made by the state and not by the church.

Talks Safety First and Shoots Boy

"Never point a gun at anyone," warned James Heiner of Indianapolis at Lewisville, Ind., while giving a lecture and shooting exhibition. As Heiner made the remark he picked up a rifle from a table. The gun was discharged and the bullet struck a boy, Newell Calpha, just above the eye. The boy died soon afterwards.

IRON ORE TAX IS HELD VALID

Minnesota's Six Per Cent Levy Is Upheld by Supreme Court.

Minnesota's tax of six per cent of the value of iron ore mined each year in that state is an occupation tax, the supreme court has held, and therefore valid.

Thirty-seven companies, controlling substantially the entire output which constitutes two-thirds of all the iron ore mined in the United States, insisted that the tax was imposed upon property, and therefore unlawful. They attacked the tax also as a burden upon interstate commerce, as lacking in uniformity, and as depriving those engaged in the industry of the equal protection of law.

Discussing the objections raised, Justice Van Deventer, in delivering the opinion of the court to which no dissent was announced, said:

"We think the tax in its essence is what the act calls it—an occupation tax. It is not laid on the land containing the ore, nor on the ore after removal, but on the business of mining the ore, which consists in severing it from its natural bed and bringing it to the surface, where it can become an article of commerce and be utilized in the industrial arts. Obviously a tax laid on those who are engaged in that business and laid on them solely because they are so engaged, as is the case here, is an occupation tax."

NEW STAR AND COMET FOUND

Clergyman in Maine and Flagstaff Man Make Discoveries.

A new comet and a new star have been found, it was announced at the Harvard college observatory last week.

Rev. Joel H. Metcalf of Portland, Me., clergyman-astronomer, who has to his credit the discovery of several stars and comets, added another to his achievements by finding a comet in the constellation Ophiuchus. His discovery, made May 7, is a comet of ninth magnitude, too faint to be seen with the naked eye. It was near the star Alpha Opichi and was moving slowly. It appeared round, he said, and brighter on the southwest side. As Rev. Metcalf's report was on an original observation, the probable elements of the comet and its indicated swing through space, were not computed.

From the Lowell observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., Carl Otto Lampland, who has discovered many variable stars and changes in nebulas, announced that he had found a new star in the great spiral nebula, Messer 83. It is of the fourteenth magnitude, visible only through a powerful telescope. The star was found by Lampland May 3.

AMERICAN FILMS CAPTURE FRENCH

Wild West Movies Make Cinema Fans Out of Parisians.

The "movie" fan is coming forward as a dominant figure in French theater life.

At first the French didn't take to the movies. More than anything else in the world the people of France like to indulge in conversation on worthwhile subjects, and at an average French dinner the foreigner who is shy on his French has a hard time following the conversational phrases of his Gallic friends as they are shot back and forth with amazing rapidity. And next to verbal exchange of thought the Frenchman loves to listen to a well written dialogue enunciated by competent French actors on the stage. That is why he didn't take to the movies. There was no dialogue—too much silence.

Then came the appealing movie message of American western life. The picturesque cowboy riding the wide range of prairie, hill and mountain—the great human story of American life in the Far West.

The Frenchman was captured by the American movie. His captivity became willing and he began making films himself. At first French-made films were wearisome. The episodes were too long drawn out. They lacked the snap and action of the American film. But now the Frenchman has learned that to hold his public he must make it short and snappy.

It is becoming quite a fashion now to go to the French cinema shows, and many millions of francs are spent yearly by the people of this country in that form of entertainment.

HARDING LAUDS BIBLE SOCIETY

Organization Is Considered Potent Force in Cause of Civilization.

"Whatever mutations may come in the affairs of men and of human society, the Bible remains the book of books," President Harding wrote to to Rev. William I. Haven, expressing that he would be unable to attend the 107th annual meting of the American Bible society at the home of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt in Oyster Bay. The letter was made public by the society.

"The Bible," the President continued, "is winning constantly wider acceptance among men wherever they live, as the inspired vehicle of the greatest truths that have been revealed to the world." The President praised the society "not merely as an instrument for the furtherance of Christianity, but as a potent force in the cause of civilization itself."

The Latest Markets

The stock market sailed a turbulent sea last week. Something entirely new in the way of a body blow was administered Monday, when large buying orders were executed on what were later found to be worthless checks. The resultant unloading hurt values at the start of the week, and the predominant bear feeling added materially to the losses sustained.

New low records by such market leaders as Studebaker, United States Steel common and others, and the apparent indifference of investors to the fact that many stocks are selling far below quotations of a little while ago, has led some to believe that there is little chance for a heavy buying movement until some radically new and favorable developments affect the nation's financial and industrial fabric.

Some advances occurred Tuesday and Wednesday, mainly because many stocks had been oversold. The latter part of the week, however, saw a resumption of bearish activity and propaganda.

Bears continued to center their attack on United States Steel common, which fell not only below par, but to the lowest since last July. The whole industrial group was in the clutches of the depression complex, leaving rails, for the first time in many months, the lone rallying point for the bulls.

Many reasons are given for the action of Steel common, which, although it does not promise to regain its position as the most traded in of securities, at least acquired the doubtful glory of attracting the most attention. Lack of popularity for the dividend policy of the company has driven many investors from this issue during the last year or so, and there was little buying of the "bargain hunter" class when the issue fell below par.

Slowing down of the building program has been adversely affecting steel issues for some weeks. The report of the steel corporation's unfilled orders, which came out during the week, showed a decrease, but this in itself would not be disturbing, as present orders seem to insure capacity business for at least 10 months to come. But the news that cancellation of orders was coming in had a chilling effect. Many vividly remember that it was wholesale cancellation of orders more than any other one factor which started the depression of 1920-21.

Another reason for the lack of buying power at the present recessions is fear of the next congress, which, in the opinion of some speculators, will make many a disturbing move before next Spring.

Grain

Wheat, cash, $1.32. Corn, cash, 87c. Oats, cash, 50c. Barley, cash, 72c. Rye, No. 2, cash, 77½c. Clover-seed, cash, $11.45; Oct., $12.15. Alsike, cash, $10.50; Oct., $11.00. Timothy, cash, $3.30; May, $3.30; Oct., $3.55.

Chicago — Wheat, May, $1.16⅜; July, $1.14⅞; Sept., $1.13½. Corn, May, 78½c; July, 78¼c; Sept., 77½c. Oats, May, 42⅞c; July, 43⅜c; Sept., 41⅞c. Rye, May, 74c; July, 76½c.

Produce

Toledo—Butter—Fancy creamery, 1-lb. prints, 47c; solid pack, 46c; nut margarine, 24@24½c.

Cheese—Fancy brick, 24@24½c; Michigan, 25½c; York state, 30c; longhorn, 25@26c.

Eggs—Candled, 28c; selects, 32c.

Bacon — Fat, 13c; lean, 27c; wide, 3 to 8 lbs., 25c; 9 to 10 lbs., 20c; 11 to 12 lbs., 16c; 13 to 15 lbs., 14c. Lard — 11½c. Hams—23c. Sausage—Fresh pork, 15c; luncheon, 18c.

Live Poultry — Ducks, 26@30c; geese, 15@20c; turkeys, 30@35c; hens, 26@28c; Leghorn broilers, 40@45c; broilers, 50@55c; old roosters and stags, 15@18c; light hens, 25@28c.

Hides—No. 1, 9c; No. 2, 8c; bull, 7c; green calf, No. 1, 13c; No. 2, 11½c; kip, 11c; No. 2 kip, 9½c; cured hides, No. 1, 11c; No. 2, 10c; horse hides, $3.50.

Cleveland—Butter, extra in tub lots, 46@48c; extra firsts, 45@47c; firsts, 44@46c; standard, 44@46c; 1-lb. prints, all grades 1c a pound higher; packing stock, 30@33c. Eggs—Fresh gathered northern extras, 30c; extra firsts, 29c; Ohio firsts, 25c@25½c; western firsts, 25½c. Oleomargarine—Nut oleo, 20c; high grade, made of animal oil, 25@25½c; lower grades, 16@17c. Cheese—Old York state, 28@30c; new, 25@26c; fancy Swiss, 37@40c; limburger, 26@27c. Poultry — Live fowls, medium, 25@28c; fancy fat fowls, 27c; roosters, 17@18c; light fowls and Leghorns, 23@25c; Spring broilers, 1½ to 2 pounds, 40@50c. Potatoes—Michigans, $2.15@2.40 per 150-pound sack; New York, $2.30 per 150-pound sack; Early Ohio, 120-pound sack, $2.00@2.45; Idaho baking, $2.00@2.50 per hundredweight; Texas and Florida Hastings, new stock, $7.75@8.00 a barrel; double barrels Spaulding Rose No. 1, $6.75 per 150-pound sack. Sweet Potatoes — Delaware yellow varieties, No. 1, $1.65 a hamper; Georgia 5-peck crates, $1.75 a crate; Tennessee fancy balls, $1.65 a bushel.

Chicago—Butter lower; creamery extras, 41½c; standards, 41c; extra firsts, 40½@41c; firsts, 39½@40c; seconds, 37@39c. Eggs—Steady; receipts, 50,943 cases; firsts, 24@24½c; ordinary firsts, 22@22½c; miscellaneous, 23½@24c; storage pack extras, 26½c; storage pack firsts, 26c. Potatoes, dull; receipts, 107 cars; total United States shipments, 588; Wisconsin sacked round whites, $1.05@1.15 cwt.; dusties, $1.15@1.20 cwt.; Minnesota sacked whites, $1.00@1.10 cwt.; minnesota sacked Red River Ohios, 90@1.10 cwt.; Minnesota sacked russets, $1.65 cwt.; new stock slightly weaker; Florida barrel Spaulding Rose No. 1, $7.50@7.75; No. 2, $5.25@5.50. Poultry, alive, unsettled; fowls, 27c; broilers, 45@48c; roosters, 13½c.

New York—Butter steady; receipts, 13,778; creamery higher than extras, 43½@44c; creamery extras (92 score), 43@43¼c; creamery firsts (88 to 91 score), 42@43¾c; state dairy finest, 42½@43c. Eggs, unchanged; receipts, 37,195; fresh gathered extra firsts, 27½@28c; do. firsts, 26@27c; do. seconds, 23½@25½c; fresh gathered storage packed extra firsts, 28½@29c; do. firsts, 27½@28c; state nearby and nearby western hennery whites, firsts to extras, 29@36c; nearby hennery browns, extras, 31@33c. Cheese steady; receipts, 221,771 pounds.

Live Stock

Cleveland — Hogs — Receipts, 5,000; heavies, $8.00; yorkers, $8.50; pigs, $7.25. Cattle, $9.50. Calves, $13.00. Lambs, $14.25.

Pittsburgh — Cattle—Receipts, 1,300; steady; steers, $9.50@10.00; heifers, $7.75@8.50; cows, $5.00@6.50. Hogs—Receipts, 7,500; steady; heavies, $8.00@8.25; heavy yorkers, $8.60@8.75; light yorkers, $7.50@8.00; pigs, $6.75@7.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 3,000; steady; top sheep, $8.00; top lambs, $14.90. Calves — Receipts, 1,300; steady; top, $12.00.

East Buffalo—Cattle — Receipts, 1,700; 25@50c higher; shipping steers, $9.50@10.25; butchers, $8.00@9.25; yearlings, $9.00@10.00; heifers, $6.50@8.50; cows, $2.50@7.25; bulls, $3.50@6.00; stockers and feeders, $7.00@8.00; fresh cows and springers, $45.00@115.00. Calves—Receipts, 3,000; 50c higher; $4.00@13.00. Hogs—Receipts, 16,000; 5c to 10c higher; pigs, 50c higher; heavy, $8.15@8.40; mixed and yorkers, $8.40@8.50; light yorkers, $8.00@8.50; pigs, $8.00; roughs, $6.00@6.25; stags, $4.00@5.00. Sheep and lambs — Receipts, 14,000; active; lambs, $6.00@15.25; yearlings, $10.00@12.50; wethers, $9.25@10.00; ewes, $2.00@8.50; mixed sheep, $8.50@9.00.

Indianapolis—Hogs—Receipts, 8,000; 5c lower; heavies, $8.10; lightweights, $8.10; top, $8.15; pigs, $6.25@6.75. Cattle — Receipts, 1,300; steady; steers, $7.00@9.85; beef cows, $5.00@7.50; heifers, $6.00@9.00. Calves—Receipts, 600; higher; veals, $9.00@13.00. Sheep and lambs — Receipts, 100; steady; sheep, $3.00@6.00; lambs, $10.00@15.00.

East St. Louis—(U. S. Department of Agriculture)—Cattle — Receipts, 300; compared with a week ago, steers 25c higher; light yearlings, 10@15c higher; cows and stockers strong; canners and bulls, 15@25c higher; light vealers, 25@50c lower; tops for week: Steers, $9.60; yearlings, $9.50; bulks for week: Steers, $7.50@8.75; yearlings, $8.00@9.00; cows, $5.75@6.75; canners, $2.65@3.00; bologna bulls, $5.25@5.75. Hogs—Receipts, 3,500; generally 5@10c higher; later sales, 10@15c higher; top, $8.00; bulk good and choice 150 to 240-pound averages, $7.85@7.95; no heavies on sale; pigs, slow and weak; food good weight pigs, $6.50@7.00; packer sows, strong; bulk, $6.10@6.15. Sheep—Receipts, 150; market for week: Clipped lambs, 50@50c higher. Spring lambs, strong; fat ewes, $1.00 lower; week's top shorn lambs, $13.60; Spring lambs, $16.00; clipped ewes, $7.50; bulks for week, clipped lambs, $12.00@13.00; Springs, $15.50@15.75; light clipped ewes, $7.00@7.50; heavies, $6.00@6.50.

Chicago—(U. S. Department of Agriculture)— Hogs—Receipts, 47,000; opened steady to strong; spots 5c higher; later trading around steady; top, $7.95; bulk, 100 to 210-pound averages, $7.85@7.90; 225 to 325-pound butchers, $7.60@7.80; packing sows, $6.25@6.65; bulk, 110 to 130-pound pigs, $6.50@7.25; heavy weight hogs, $7.30@7.80; medium, $7.60@7.90; light, $7.55@7.95; light lights, $6.75@7.85; packing sows, smooth, $6.50@7.00; packing sows, rough, $6.00@6.60; killing pigs, $6.00@7.50. Cattle—Receipts, 22,000, beef steers, slow; killing quality plain; yearlings comparatively numerous; early trade largely steady to 15c off; lower grades reflecting decline; no choice steers sold; some held around $10.35; best yearlings early $9.60; several loads beef steers and yearlings, $8.75@9.50; she stock scarce, strong to unevenly higher; other classes generally steady to strong; bulk bologna bulls around $5.25; bulk vealers to packers around $8.50; few $8.75@9.00 and above; outsiders hand picking upward to $10.50 and above. Sheep—Receipts, 9,000; active; fat lambs, 25 to 40c higher; sheep steady to strong; best Colorado 92-pound wooled lambs, $16.25; choice 86 to 91-pound clipped lambs, $14.25 to packers; few 78-pound averages to city butchers, $14.40; five doubles California springers, $17.00; few old head handy weight fat ewes, $7.00@7.50.

New Business Party Is Formed in Japan

Sanji Muto, a prominent business man of Osaka and president of the Kanegafuchi Cotto Mill Co. of Japan, has organized a new political party representing the interests of the commercial and industrial community.

It is the first party in Japan to represent the commercial and industrial classes, and will participate in the general elections next year.

Anti-Saloon League Upholds N. Y. Head

The Anti-Saloon league of New York at its annual meeting re-elected officers and adopted resolutions declaring confidence in William H. Anderson, state superintendent. The resolution also condemned "all efforts to discredit his wise leadership."

The treasurer's report showed cash receipts of more than $279,000 for the fiscal year ended April 30, an increase of $26,000 over the year before.

SPECIALLY $6.95 PRICED

Brand new blue steel, double safety automatics bought before recent tariff raise and offered at special prices for a limited time. Regular $22.00, 25-calibre, 7-shot automatic, 4¼-in. long, our No. 81B110, special at $6.95.

Or regular $25.00 heavy service 32-calibre, 10-shot automatic, 5-in. long, our No. 81B120, special at $9.75. EXTRA MAGAZINE FREE with each gun. Both sizes shoot all standard cartridges.

PAY POSTMAN ON DELIVERY plus postage. Money back promptly if Not Satisfied.

CONSUMERS CO., Dept. 81, 1265 Broadway, N.Y.

Try the New Way To Kill Lice

A hen worried to death with lice cannot lay if she wants to. You might as well "throw money to the birds" as feed high priced food to lousy chickens. It's a dead loss—don't do it. Use Licemist. No dusting, no dipping nor painting. HANG UP THE BOTTLE. It acts like magic. Testimonials from every State in the Union tell of wonderful results from its use. Simply put a few drops in nests and on roosts and hang uncorked bottle in the coop or hen house. Powerful fumes leave the bottle in vapor form, and penetrate feathers, cracks & crevices everywhere. Lice, mites, chiggers, bed bugs, ants, roaches, etc., have to breathe through the pores of the body, and are destroyed by Licemist vapors. It will not injure chicks.

Bottle, $1.00; 3 bottles, $2.50; 12 bottles for $9.00. All prepaid

MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS.
AMERICAN SUPPLY COMPANY, Dept. 40 QUINCY, ILL

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Go over them each week and write to advertisers whose propositions interest you. Say you saw the ad in THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE.

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CHARGE FOR SPACE—75 cents per agate line. Send cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines nor more than forty-two lines. Advertisements that reach us Tuesday morning will appear in issue of that week.

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Be a Detective; excellent opportunity; good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 205 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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AN EXCEPTIONAL OPENING — THOSE DESIRING SEWING AT HOME, CITY, COUNTRY; NO CANVASSING. TO PREVENT CURIOSITY SEEKERS SEND 15c FOR SAMPLE, INFORMATION. GOOD WEAR CLOTH CO., ASBURY PARK, N. J.

AGENTS.

MAKE $30 daily taking orders for $3.95 Union made raincoats. Factory prices. Largest commission. Your pay daily. We deliver and collect. American Eagle Raincoat Co., 155 N. Union St., Dept. 324, Chicago.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES.

Underground Treasures—How and where to find them; particulars 2c. Dept. E, Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FARMS FOR SALE.

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TAILORING SALESMEN—Fastest selling line, suits, made to measure, $29.50 one price, all wool. Profits in advance. Biggest old reliable house. W. D. Smith Co., established 1895. Dept. 27, Chicago, Ill.

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Full implements, crops included to settle immediately; 23 acres in prosperous farming district near Chesapeake Bay; big city markets; 19 acres for big yields tomatoes, melons, potatoes, hay, corn, etc.; pasture; 50 pear trees, apples, peaches; good 2-story 7-room house, big barn, poultry house. To close estate low price $1,150 takes all, only $500 needed. Details this and 50-acre equipped Delaware farm only $1850, part cash, page 150 Illus. Catalog Bargains—many states. Copy free. STROUT FARM AGENCY, 150S Nassau St., New York City.

Beautiful Girls of Ancient Yucatan Tribes Cast Into Well as Sacrifices

After 20 years of silence, Edward H. Thompson has revealed the story of his remarkable discoveries in the sacred well of Chichen-Itza, Yucatan's most famous ruined city. For the first time, the man who soon will be proclaimed as the "Hero of America's greatest archaeological adventure," writes his personal account of the reclamation of the lost Maya treasure.

Dr. J. C. Merriam, president of Carnegie Institute, says objects of gold, jade, ebony, opal and other materials found by Thompson at the bottom of the sacred well constitute the most important discoveries in the history of American archaeology. These objects are privately held in the Peabody museum of Harvard university, where they are being studied by Professor A. M. Tozzer and Herbert J. Spinden for a monograph to be published this year.

Secret of Two Decades.

In the following letter to a friend Thompson discloses the secret that science has kept more than two decades, telling of his inspiration for the undertaking, his difficulties, experiences and final achievements, but reserving the archaeological appraisement of his work for the official announcement:

"I am a firm believer in tradition. As a boy my favorite reading was folklore, and as a student I became deeply interested in that fascinating fragment of the human family which reared such magnificent structures in Central America, and especially on the Yucatan peninsula.

Studies Cover 40 Years.

"Nearly 40 years ago I went to Yucatan at the request of Harvard university and the American Antiquarian society to study the ancient Maya race.

"Later I bought Chichen-Itza hacienda, on which the ruined city is located, and after taking up residence there I realized it was the heart of the Maya civilization.

"Discoveries of human bones which I made in the cenote convinced me that here was the 'well of the sacrifice,' especially as the bones and skulls were those of young girls.

"Landa, Father Cogolludo and the other chroniclers related how the lives offered at the cenote in voluntary propitiation of the deities were those of virgins of flawless beauty. Finally, I marshalled my facts, data and figures obtained from these experiments and presented them to the combined authorities of Harvard and the American Antiquarian society.

Seventy Feet to the Bottom.

"I adapted machinery and devised other means to erect a dredging machine capable of carrying on the work in the sacred well. Roughly speaking, the cenote is 170 feet in diameter. There is a sheer descent from the forest surface to the pool of about 70 feet. There is 40 feet of water and 30 feet of mud before rocky bottom is reached.

"Traditions have it that the beautiful maidens, educated with physical and moral perfection as ideals, were thrown into the cenote as messengers to carry the prayers of supplicancy of a suffering people to the water god, the 'nojoch Yun Chanc,' in his deep water palaces, who would grant of his own accord or influence the other dieties. I found many skeletons of these maidens, ornaments of gold, copper and wood, weapons, jade, plaques, inscribed with esoteric figures and glyphs, many crystals and jewels.

Captives Thrown in.

"I also found portions of the garments of the maidens carbonized with the oil of the incense, the textiles revealing hitherto unknown weaves. Tradition also had it that captive warriors of renown were thrown into the cenote as sacrifices. I found thick-walled skulls of men, some of them indicating curiously ferocious expressions."

CONVICT HIDES TEN HOURS IN PRISON WALL

Life Termer's "Cave" Found Close to Workbench in Jail Foundry.

Crouching in a hole he had dug in the penitentiary wall "Jack" Hart, one of the four bandits serving life sentences for the murder of William D. Norris in a daylight holdup in Baltimore last August, was found 10 hours after he had disappeared. He was sitting in a niche just big enough to hold him. Ten prison guards and Warden Claude B. Sweezey faced him as a big wooden tool chest that stood in the wall was pulled away and exposed Hart's "cave."

He made no resistance. His hiding place was not six feet from the table where he worked in the foundry. He had a few crackers and a long rope. With this he had planned to get over one of the walls.

Hart disappeared while his wife was waiting to see him in the prison office. After his recapture he was placed in solitary confinement. There he may stay for the rest of his life, Warden Sweezey said.

The cow obtains the coloring matter for the butter from the plant carotinoids, the yellow color pigments of their food.

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Mrs. Hurst has nothing to sell. Merely cut out this notice, mail it to her with your own name and address, and she will gladly send you this valuable information entirely free. Write her at once before you forget.

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One of the Real Secrets of Beauty

"BEAUTY is born of health and health is the foundation of all the joys of life." So many women ask "How can I keep my body young?"

Scientific investigation along medical lines has proved that many blemishes of the skin are caused by a disordered stomach, and specialists agree that impure blood is caused by stomach trouble.

A lovely skin comes from within. A clear radiant skin, sparkling eyes, a rosy glow of health, will come to you if you take a stomach tonic and blood maker called Dr. Pierce's Discovery. The acid condition and bad blood can be corrected by taking this pure herbal remedy, the Golden Medical Discovery, a remedy compounded by Dr. Pierce over fifty years ago, of herbs and roots as used by the Indians. It gives you more energy, more power, more blood. A red patch in every muscle, a tingle to every nerve, a vigor to your thoughts. Perhaps there is no more convincing testimony to the worth of Dr. Pierce's remedies, than the fact that for more than a half century they have been endorsed by thinking people everywhere.

Every mail brings Dr. Pierce letters such as the following:

Cambridge, Ohio—"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery did me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken. I had become run-down, was so weak I could scarcely walk around. I could not eat and did not have enough blood, and had a hacking cough, which annoyed me. I was a physical wreck when I began taking the 'Discovery' and three bottles of this medicine completely put me on my feet; my cough stopped, I could eat well and felt well and strong. It gave me such wonderful help that I do not hesitate to recommend it to others who are ailing as I was."—Mrs. John T. Moore, 87 Steubenville Ave.

Dr. Pierce's high standing as a citizen and as a physician, is a guarantee of the purity of his Golden Medical Discovery. Sold by all druggists in tablets or liquid; or send 10 cents for trial sample to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, 665 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

WIFE FORFEITS HUSBAND'S AID BY LEAVING HIM

Must Have Just Cause for Desertion if Support Is Wanted, U. S. Appeals Court Holds.

A man cannot be compelled to support a woman anywhere except in his own house, provided he has given her no just cause to leave him. Furthermore, if a wife leaves her husband, without just cause, taking the children, the duty of supporting them belongs to her and not to him.

These edicts were spread across the high court annals of the country recently through a decision by the United States court of appeals. They are regarded by the legal fraternity as epochal in their effect on litigation involving domestic relations. Said the court:

"A husband who is able and willing to support his wife and gives her no just cause to abandon him or leave him cannot be compelled to support her elsewhere than at his own house if he has one."

The effect of the decision, attorneys say, will be to devolve upon tradesmen the necessity of determining the circumstances of a separation before providing an estranged woman with even the necessities of life, for the husband is not always liable.

The decision was in the case of two women who took care of a wife and three children, the wife having left her husband, taking the children. The court decided that she left without proper cause and reversed a lower court decision which had ordered the husband to pay $4,120 to those who had fed and housed the four.

FILM STARS GET LARGE SALARIES

Bonuses of $50,000 for Signnig Contracts Cited at Federal Hearing.

Well known motion picture stars receive from $100,000 to $350,000 for each picture they make, it was revealed by John D. Williams, organizer of the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, Inc., who testified at the federal trade commission hearing as to whether the Famous Players-Laskey Corporation and its subsidiaries constitute a trust.

Williams told of the salaries paid the stars after his testimony that the Famous Players controlled 60 per cent of the leading film men and women in 1916 was challenged.

Charlie Chaplin, he said, had received $1,000,000 in 1917 to produce eight pictures, and between 1917 and 1918 Mary Pickford had received $350,000 for each of three pictures.

Norma Talmadge, he said, first received $160,000 each with a share in the profits of eight pictures, and later had been engaged at $350,000 for each of 12 more pictures.

Constance Talmadge appeared first in 12 pictures at $110,000 each and later had received $150,000 each for a second dozen. Katherine McDonald had received $600,000 for six pictures.

Thousands of dollars, Williams said, had been paid to the stars before work on the pictures began, and in instances in addition to their salarlets they received a share of the profits and even higher salaries for renewals of contracts. Some received as high as $50,000 bonus for signing contracts, he said.

Williams testified that the First National sold pictures to 3,400 subexhibitors who held franchises under a block system for from two to six pictures at a time. He admitted that they were obliged to take all pictures for which the First National had contracted for production, but that their use was optional.

The First National Exhibitors Circuit Inc., was formed in 1917 to break the grip of the Famous Players on the big stars and picture distribution, Williams testified. He said that the Exhibitors' Circuit was formed because Famous Players charged high prices for Mary Pickford and other stars. Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players, had approached him with a suggestion that the First National stop seeking stars and convert that organizaion ino a naional booking combine to eliminate competition, he said.

Facts About Child-Birth

AN eminent physician has shown to thousands of expectant mothers just how to be free from dread, and from much of the suffering which many mothers experience for months, right up to the moment when the Little One arrives!

Mrs. Wm. Washington, 107 Louise Ave., Nashville, Tenn., says: "There is positively no woman on earth that would be without 'Mother's Friend' during expectancy if she only knew the value of comfort."

"Mother's Friend" is externally applied to the region of the abdomen, back and hips. It relieves the tension on nerves and ligaments as month follows month. Finally, it makes child-birth a joy instead of a painful dread.

Use "Mother's Friend" as our mothers and grandmothers did. Don't wait, start today, and meanwhile write to Bradfield Regulator Co., BA-47, Atlanta, Ga., for a free wonderful book containing information every expectant mother should have. Get a bottle of "Mother's Friend" today. It is sold by all druggists—everywhere.

Royal Beauty Fights for Gold

LADY HYDE, COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK AND BERKS, WHO ACCUSES HER BROTHER, JOSEPH LEITER, OF MISMANAGEMENT OF LEITER ESTATE.

LADY CYNTHIA MOSELY, DAUGHTER OF LORD CURZON, AND A RESIDENT OF WASHINGTON, WHO IS CO-DEFENDANT WITH HER UNCLE, JOSEPH LEITER.

Every effort is being made to keep secret details of the suit brought by Lady Hyde, countess of Suffolk and Berks, against her brother, Joseph Leiter of Chicago, for an accounting of the $100,000,000 estate of their father, Levi Z. Leiter. She is opposed in the suit by her niece, Lady Cynthia Mosely.

Grave charges are made against Joseph Leiter and another sister, Mrs. Nancy Carver Campbell of Santa Barbara, Calif. The beautiful Lady Cynthia Mosely, daughter of Lord Curzon, whose mother was Mary Leiter, is co-defendant with her uncle.

CODE FOR NEWSPAPERS ADOPTED BY EDITORS

The American Society of Newspaper Editors, meeting recently in Washington, adopted the following code, relating to journalism:

The primary function of newspapers is to communicate to the human race what its members do, feel and think. Journalism, therefore, demands of its practitioners the widest range of intelligence, of knowledge, and of experience, as well as natural and trained powers of observation and reasoning. To its opportunities as a chronicle are indissolubly linked its obligations as teacher and interpreter.

To the end of finding some means of codifying sound practice and just aspirations of American journalism these canons are set forth:

I.

Responsibility—The right of a newspaper to attract and hold readers is restricted by nothing but consideration of public welfare. The use of newspaper makes of the share of public attention it gains serves to determine its sense of responsibility, which it shares with every member of its staff. A journalist who uses his power for any selfish or otherwise unworthy purpose is faithless to a high trust.

II.

Freedom of the Press—Freedom of the press is to be guarded as a vital right of mankind. It is the unquestionable right to discuss whatever is not explicitly forbidden by law, including the wisdom of any restrictive statute.

III.

Independence—Freedom from all obligations except that of fidelity to the public interest is vital.

1. Promotion of any private interest contrary to the general welfare, for whatever reason, is not compatible with honest journalism. So-called news communications from private sources should not be published without public note of their source or else substantiation of their claims to value as news, both in form and substance.

2. Political partisanship in editorial comment, which knowingly departs from the truth, does violence to the best spirit of American journalism; in the news columns it is subversive fo a fundamental principle of the profession.

IV.

Sincerity, Truthfulness, Accuracy—Good faith with the reader is the foundation of all journalism worthy of the name.

1. By every consideration of gooth faith a newspaper is constrained to be truthful. It is not to be excused for lack of thoroughness or accuracy within its control or failure to obtain command of these essential qualities.

2. Headlines should be fully warranted by the contents of the articles which they surmount.

V.

Impartiality—Sound practice makes clear distinction between news reports and expressions of opinion. News reports should be free from opinion or bias of any kind.

1. This rule does not apply to so-called special articles unmistakably devoted to advocacy or characterized by a signature authorizing the writer's own conclusions and interpretations.

VI.

Fair Play—A newspaper should not publish unofficial charges affecting reputation or moral character without opportunity given to the accused to be heard; right practice demands the giving of such opportunity in all cases of serious accusation outside judicial proceedings.

1. A newspaper should not invade private rights or feelings without sure warrant of public right as distinguished from public curiosity.

2. It is the privilege, as it is the duty, of a newspaper to make prompt and complete correction of its own serious mistakes of fact or opinion, whatever their origin.

VII.

Decency—A newspaper cannot escape conviction of insincerity if while professing high moral purpose it supplies incentives to base conduct, such as are to be found in details of crime and vice, publication of which is not demonstrably for the general good. Lacking authority to enforce its canons, the journalism here represented can but express the hope that deliberate pandering to vicious instincts will encounter effective public disapproval or yield to the influence of a preponderant professional condemnation.

WOMAN RULES DESERT NATION OF WHITE MEN

Blonde Queen, 30, of Surpassing Beauty, Boasted 14 Different Husbands.

Antinea, the mystical queen of the lost nation of Atlantic and heroine of Pierre Benoit's famous novel, "Atlantide," actually regins.

She is a white woman, a blonde, and is tall, graceful, and of surpassing beauty. Her people are the Touareg tribe, a white nation, living in the fastness of the dread Hoggar desert.

These remarkable discoveries are reported, according to the Matin, by Professor Olufsen's Danish mission, just returned after a seven months' exploration trip to the Sahara.

"Leaving last November our expedition divided into three parts," said Professor Olufsen. "I proceeded alone, with guides from Salaheye to Tamanrasset, where I was received by Ackamou, the Hoggar king and chief male of a race ruled by a white queen.

"The Touaregs, who were originally Berbers, are white and very musical. The women are not the equals of the men, but are their superiors on questions of politics and diplomacy.

"Queen Antinea is a beautiful woman, living in a huge leather tent on the outskirts of Tamanrasset. She is 30 years old, blue-eyed and has had 14 husbands, including one French officer, and she divorced them all."

WEEK IN BASEBALL

The western invasion of American league teams of the East marked by unusual success for the majority of the visitors at the outset, was checked Sunday, all the western clubs winning handily. New York, Philadelphia and Washington, which won a majority of the games during the week away from home were defeated Sunday. The Red Sox dropped all their games.

The first eastern tour of the western teams in the National league was profitable for the Reds and Cardinals, while the Cubs lost ground. The Phillies, still woefully weak, failed to win a game in the week. The Giants increased their lead and St. Louis and Cincinnati moved upward.

Excellent pitching and flashy fielding attended all the American contests. The Browns were the heaviest hitters and highest scorers. Heavy hitting continued in the National, St. Louis leading in runs and hits. The Braves were weak on the defensive side. The Phillies failed to deliver in the pinches and had poor pitching.

"Cy" Williams, veteran outfielder of the Philadelphia Nationals, is having a runaway race for home run honors in the major leagues. He has cracked out 13 circuit drives, the record including Sunday's games.

The tribe of Williams is doubly honored, however, as Kenneth Williams of the St. Louis Browns tops the American league with eight to his credit.

Babe Ruth, the "King of Swat," cracked out his third round trip during the week.

The senior major league has the edge on its junior rival in the number of circuit blows for the season, having passed the century mark with 103 homers to its credit. The American leaguers have 42.

RUSSIAN UTOPIA IS FAILURE

American Colonists There Disillusioned

G. A. Gunner, a San Francisco engineer, in a series of articles for the Toledo Blade and Chicago Tribune, relates his experience while a member of the Kuzbas colony in Siberia. Mr. Gunner, with about 400 other Americans, was induced through an alluring prospectus to pay $300 for the privilege of taking part in an American attempt at communism. Big Bill Haywood, former Chicago radical leader who fled to Russia, was one of the organizers of the colony.

Mr. Gunner went to Russia in July, 1922, full of enthusiasm, hoping to find the promised Utopia. Instead he found nothing but discord, ill management, filth, poor food and unbearable living conditions. Instead of practicing the principles of communism, he found the leaders selfish and overbearing.

Finally, unable to stand the conditions there any longer, Mr. Gunner with a number of others left the colony in February, 1923. He was given only $25 to make the long trip across Siberia and across the Pacific. He arrived in America penniless and entirely disillusioned as to the benefits of communism.—Editor's Note.

BY G. A. GUNNER.

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In the Summer of 1921 several American radicals attending the Third Internationale at Moscow formed an organization committee to take over and operate certain coal properties and a steel plant as a concession granted by the Soviet government. The coal properties were situated in what is known as the Kuznetsky basin, in Siberia, which extends south from the Trans-Siberian railroad, near the city of Tonsk for about 200 miles, with an average width of 25 miles; the steel plant was located at Nadajensky, in the Ural mountains, north of the Trans-Siberian railroad.

The committee, of which H. B. Culvert, S. J. Rutgers, Big Bill Haywood of Chicago and Jack Byers were the leading lights, purposed to bring Americans to Russia to work the concession, in accordance with communist principles.

And thus was born the notorious Kuzbas colony in Siberia to which flocked about 400 radical and free thinking Americans, lured by promises of a Utopia in Siberia, where all would receive the full results of their toil and where everything was rosy. The organizing committee established a New York office at 110 West 40th street. Calvert P. Cosgrove, Matt Muleri, Tom Barker and Mont. Schupler were in charge.

"No Rent to Pay."

A nicely prepared prospectus offered, among other things, an opportunity to create a big machine industry that would not feed capitalistic society, but would give back to the workers the full return of their labors. There would be no rent, interest or profit to pay. Money would not be necessary, as all the necessaries of life would be furnished, free. Kemerovo, the coal mining town, was pictured as a delightful little place with broad streets and attractive log bungalows of three or four rooms, lighted with electricity and many having running water. All were to be given the work for which they were especially fitted. No wages were to be paid but a satisfactory standard of living was to be furnished and a bonus would be paid at the end of two years.

However, the colonists were required to pay $300 to the organization's treasury and to agree to work for at least two years. Some were induced to pay more, being told that the colony could expend the money to much better advantage than the individuals could. It was also explained that money was of no use in Russia, but this we found was a lie. The fact is that a person without money in Russia is worse off than in any country I have ever visited. As a result of these misrepresentations many persons arrived in Russia practically penniless and were compelled from time to time to sell their clothing.

Amazed at Chaos.

The New York office arranged for me to sail on the Rotterdam on July 22, 1922, from New York city. In my correspondence with the office I had informed the agents of my engineering ability and asked them if there was an opportunity for railroad civil engineers and those having a knowledge of industrial organization. The answer was "Yes, you are just the man we need." Upon arriving in New York I called at the office and was amazed at the utter lack of system. The man in charge visualized the vociferous soap-box element—long on talk but weak on action.

On July 22 I was a member of the fourth group leaving for the Russian land of promise. We left Hoboken for Rotterdam, at which point we transferred to a smaller vessel which brought us to Petrograd on Aug. 6, 1922. We had something of a shock when we reached the former Russian capital because of the air of retrogression. There was an enormous quantity of scrap metal scattered about rusting. Along the Neva we saw many destroyed ships. We wondered why, if Russia was so short of metal as was reported, this material could not be reclaimed. We were told that Russia was short of fuel, but nevertheless we saw about a dozen Russian naval vessels going out on Sunday excursions. All were burning fuel.

Engineer Showed Wisdom.

I remained in Petrograd for about three days and then proceeded by train to Moscow in company with a mining engineer, his wife and a young lady who was a communist courier. The mining engineer, by the way, was the only salaried man in the fourth group and I might say the only wise one. He saw that the money was placed in a bank in his name in the States before he left.

We spent only about 10 hours in Moscow. While there I met the famous Bill Shatoff, former chief of police of Petrograd, later in charge of the Petrograd-Moscow railway and also in charge of the troops who opposed the Yudonich forces in their march on Petrograd in 1919. Shatoff was the Soviet government's representative on the managing board of the Kuzbas colonly office in Russia. We then left on the last leg of our objective, Kemerovo, Siberia.

I arrived in Kemerove about August 18, 1922.

I was there only a few moments when it became apparent that all was not well with the Kuzbas colony, where we had been led to believe we would find how wonderful were the blessings of Russian communism on mankind. The experience of the three expeditions that had preceded us was similar.

Instead of having a concession to exploit the mines in the Kemerove district, which colony literature back in the States had led us to believe, we found that no such concession existed. Furthermore, we found that the so-called concession was subject to certain conditions that the organizing committee was required to carry out before it would be actually granted. One of these conditions was that at least 500 persons were to be sent over from the States before Oct. 1, 1922, children not included. About 400 persons were all that Kemerovo could show at its best.

Opposition Encountered.

The colonists, instead of having the authority to carry on the work, take over the mines and operate them as an American colony unit, were confronted with an already established Russian personnel that was operating the properties. At the head of the Russian personnel was a Pole named Ancavitch. His word was law and he and his staff never let an opportunity go by to obstruct the American unit and to prevent it from making a good showing.

The Russians permitted the Americans to use the saw mill and allowed them logs to be cut up into lumber. The logs were to be charged to the colony's account and were to be payed for later. It was a continual and everlasting battle between the Russians and Americans, the Americans trying to make some progress and the Russians trying to prevent them from doing so. On top of this was the constant quarreling, bickering and haggling among the members of the American colony itself.

Chaos reigned. National hatreds were engendered and fights and near fights were precipitated. The workers accused the technicians of knowing nothing and the technicians charged the workers with refusing to recognize the need for a plan. Brotherly love had reached such a point with these followers of communism that a free-for-all fight was narrowly averted, but not until several had threatened to drown one of the leaders.

Lack of Discipline.

There were kicks against the communist system of distributing rations. A family of seven received seven full rations, although several of the members were children, while the single men, who on the average produced as much or often more than the married men, got only one ration.

There was a total lack of discipline and no semblance of order. Men would change their jobs every day, and that was about the only consistent action in the colony. Men were given work for which they were not fitted and no effort was made to benefit from special talents. My engineering experience got me a job watching a number of wood butchers (there were not more than three real carpenters in the whole outfit). The commissary department was in charge of a former railroad conductor, a carpenter looked after the complaint department; in fact the whole Kuzbas outfit seemed to be a mass of misfits. One of the best examples of the wild management was the appointment of a 21-year-old watch maker from New York as chief mining engineer.

The housing and food conditions were very bad. The food we had brought from America was fairly good, but the manner of preparation was such that often our meals were not fit to eat. We had mush in the morning and mush at night, with hardly any variation. Sometimes we had milk and rarely butter. There were weeks, however, when we had no butter and little fats, and this in a climate where the temperature sometimes drops to 58 below zero. Fats are especially important as a diet during cold weather. We had a disproportionate amount of starch foods such as rice, cornmeal, etc. Many of the colonists finally reached a point where they could no longer eat the poorly prepared food of the general kitchen and arranged to eat with some of the married men by contributing their rations.

The housing was worse than the food. There were lousy houses and barracks instead of the neat four-room bungalows as described. The only running water I ever saw in the town was in a barrel in a wagon drawn by a Siberian pony.

It would be more proper to say that the pony was doing the running. All the water for human consumption is drawn in barrels on wagons to the houses from a tank which is filled from the Tom river.

Houses Were Filthy.

The houses were alive with cockroaches and bed bugs. It often required a week's cleaning before a house could be entered by an American colonist. When an American did enter he began a never-ending struggle to keep from being devoured. The condition in which the Russian labor army left the barracks passes all belief.

Had any American contractor offered such living and eating conditions as the Kuzbas colony was forced to undergo he would have been deserted in five minutes.

(To be continued next week)

It is estimated that there are now in Australia 30,000,000,000 rabbits all descended from a few pairs of cottontails brought from America about 70 years ago.

WETS PLAN TO CAPTURE OHIO

Liquor Lovers, Jubilant in New York Victory, Train Guns on State.

Jubilant in the success of their drive to repeal the New York state prohibition act, wet forces are now planning a campaign to recapture Ohio.

Undaunted by their overwhelming defeat last November when Buckeye voters killed by an adverse majority of 187,000 a proposal for modifying the drastic state enforcement act, they will attempt to elect next year a majority of Ohio congressmen pledged to repeal or amend the Volstead federal prohibition law.

Anti-Prohibition leaders believe that repeal of the New York law by the state legislature is indication of a nation-wide reaction against drastic dry laws. They are anxious to extend their victory to Ohio because it formerly was a wet stronghold, and both politically and industrially is one of the most important states in the Union, not to mention the fact that it is the headquarters of their powerful enemy, the Anti-Saloon league of America.

A victory in Ohio, they believe would break the morale of the dry organization throughout the country and lead to a general liberalizing of prohibition enforcement everywhere and perhaps the ultimate repeal of the Volstead act and the 18th amendment.

C. G. Hinckley, national secretary of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment declared that state headquarters will be opened in Ohio, probably at Columbus, and that a large force of organizers and speakers will be concentrated preparatory to a grand offensive.

The immediate objective, Hinckley said, will be the recruiting in the Buckeye state of an army of volunteers numbering at least half a million pledged to the anti-prohibition cause.

FORCED BY GRATITUDE OF MANY TO REPEAT HIS OFFER

Moved by the expressions of gratitude of many patients and friends for regained hearing, Specialist Sproule feels almost forced to bring his Method of treatment for Ear Troubles within the reach of other sufferers and so he offers again a 4-day introductory treatment free.

These free offers have been made before in this paper and in others. People have seen the sample treatment, liked it and come under the Method. Then there have been letters of which the following are sample extracts:

From the sunny South comes the word:—**"I can hear a watch tick, a thing I have not heard for years."**

While a lady from the Middle West writes:—**"I am glad to say that I am feeling fine and can hear good and it is a pleasure to answer the phone. I can do my own talking now, which is a great comfort to me."**

4-Day Deafness Treatment Free

These letters of gratitude have indeed been a satisfaction to receive and so we say to the readers of Toledo Weekly Blade **a free treatment will be given to every sufferer from Ear Troubles,** who writes **for it.**

If you are becoming Deaf in either or both ears or have any trouble with your ears, write for a Free Treatment. This treatment is entirely Free. I want to help you. There is much of suffering and deprivation connected with the loss of hearing. I want you to at least have the same opportunity as the many other people who were most anxious concerning their ear troubles, but are now happy, grateful possessors of their hearing. These people whose testimonials you read above, all saw the Method, first, through the sample.

Follow their example. Send off now a post card or a letter with your full name and address. **Don't delay or you may regret it. If you have even the slightest feeling that something is wrong with your ears, be on the safe side and send for a treatment. It won't cost you anything.** If you are growing Deaf and have become discouraged, profit by the example of those who have shared in the triumphs of this Method. Write today for a Free Treatment to

EAR SPECIALIST SPROULE,
43 Cornhill Building, Boston, Mass.

WET GUIDEBOOK FOR AMERICANS URGED IN PARIS

Yankee Says Folk From U. S. Ignorant of Wines Are Victimized by Waiters.

A liquor guidebook is proposed in an article written by "An American Member" in the current issue of the Revue du Touring Club de France.

The writer complains that the average thirsty fellow countryman arrives abroad with only a sketchy knowledge of the wines of France, with the result that his ignorance is exploited by head waiters who recommend only the most expensive brands of champagne. He calls on the touring club to lead the way by preparing and distributing thousands of alcoholic Baedekers to the wines of Champagne, Burgundy and Bordeaux in order that visitors may drink intelligently and order with authority.

He hopes by that method to improve the type of visitor who when asked to give an opinion of some ancient vintage, replied, "It tastes all right, but I would just as soon have beer."

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Australia is the only country in the world where cane sugar is raised wholly by white labor.

Free Yourself of Pile Suffering

Sure, Speedy and Safe Relief From Piles Assured by My Method of Internal Treatment. Far Superior to Ointments, Salves, Dilators or Other Treatments That Simply Ease But Never Cure.

LET ME PROVE THIS---FREE.

Don't Be Cut

Until After You Have Tried My New Home Cure for Piles, That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time, Simply Chew Up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Piles.

My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of ointments, salves, and other local applications have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependable treatment.

Spent Hundreds of Dollars

Mr. E. R. Page, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir: I have been bothered with Piles in a bad form for 20 years. Have spent hundreds of dollars and only got relief for a few days. I have used your Pile remedy and am cured. I feel better than I have for twenty years. Your Pile remedy is a God-send to me. I cannot speak too highly about it. I have suffered great agony before using your treatment, and, thank the Lord I am cured.

Yours truly,
CHAS. HAYDEN,
418 Kentucky St.,
Bowling Green, Ky.

No Wonder He Is Thankful

Mr. E. R. Page, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir: I am very glad to say your Pile Treatment has entirely cured me of the terrible disease. I had suffered agony for ten years. I cannot tell you in words how much I thank you for your wonderful Pile Treatment, it is a God-send to those who suffer from this dreadful disease. I will be only too glad to give all the information and advice in regard to my case.

Sincerely,
GEORGE F. VIRTUE,
Box 215, Delaware City, Dela.

Why Continue to Suffer When You Can Have Quick Relief by Merely Sending Your Name and Address.

Cured After Suffering Untold Agony

E. R. Page Co., Marshall, Mich.

My Dear Friends: I received your kind favor. One week ago yesterday I was in bed helpless. Today I have cleaned my four rooms, cared for my children and feel fine. I am taking my medicine regularly and feel sure I would have been dead if I hadn't gotten some relief. I was bleeding so, and Oh! the agony. I cannot find words to express my thanks to you. I am feeling fine and do not know I ever had the piles.

A sincere friend,
MRS. M. L. BUCKNER,
1824 Madison Ave.,
Kansas City, Mo.

Bleeding Piles for 6 Years

"Your Pile Tablets are surely wonderful. I was troubled with bleeding piles, off and on, for 6 years; couldn't get anything to cure them until I read your ad in the daily paper. The sample must have cured me—I haven't been bothered since."

Yours truly,
MRS. M. J. MANBECK,
R. R. 2, Box 96,
San Bernardino, Calif.

One Sure Way

Try a Package of My Internal Treatment (a Pleasant Tablet) and Forget Salves, Ointment and Unpleasant Local Applications.

The only way in the world that you will ever find relief for piles, is to treat them internally.

Don't let anyone persuade you to submit to an operation until you have at least given my method a trial.

This is not a new idea nor something that has not been given a thorough test. This system of treatment has been sold for nearly a quarter of a century, and I have received thousands of letters, a few of which are here quoted, testifying to the truth of every claim, every statement that I have ever made.

Take advantage of this opportunity to relieve yourself of piles and their pain.

Had Both Protruding and Bleeding Piles

Mr. E. R. Page, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir: I am glad to say your medicine has helped me and the last package has cured me. I have been two months without any medicine and have done a lot of hard work since. It is a wonderful remedy. When I sent for the first treatment I was not able to be on my feet and suffered terribly. It was the protruding and bleeding Piles together. At night I could not rest and I had given up to have an operation; but read of this remedy and so I gave it a trial. It has saved me from a lot of suffering and also many dollars. I can't say enough to praise the Page Pile Method. I am glad there is a remedy for piles as I do not think much of these operations. I am feeling fine and glad I found out about your wonderful medicine. Will always recommend it.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. NINA YOUNGBLOOD,
Box 183, Sparta, Mich.

There isn't any doubt in the world but that my Internal Method for Treating Piles is the One Correct Way. It reaches the seat of trouble heals and soothes, and brings relief after all other methods have utterly failed. The first trial will surely convince you.

FREE Pile Remedy COUPON

MR. E. R. PAGE.
423-J Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Please send to me, without obligation or cost to me, a trial package of your combination treatment for Piles.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State.....

E. R. Page 423-J Page Building MARSHALL, MICH.